

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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PETER THE GREAT

Ustinov
at Stratford



If the heats go according to form, the final should pit Kennedy against Reagan



By Ian Urbush



Kennedy and Reagan a major split, a nightmarish shift, a word of caution

Difficult as it is to imagine today, American presidential elections used to be low-keyed, dignified affairs. George Washington, the first president, was simply chosen by the Electoral College in 1789, and until well into the 19th century candidates remained aloof from the electoral process, letting surrogates speak for them. Now, of course, a presidential candidate must begin campaigning hard and early just to get his party's nomination. Jimmy Carter, among others, began campaigning as much as two years before the 1976 election. In 1968 the task was to move faster than ever, with a record 36 state primaries scheduled. Still, the prospect of four years in the White House has attracted a dozen serious candidates, three Democrats and nine Republicans, among some, such as Edward Kennedy and Ronald Reagan, have not yet made official announcements of their intentions. Here is a run-down of the 12 and the odds against them.

DEMOCRATS

Ted Kennedy (senator, Massachusetts, age 47). Odds: even. While Canadians

may find it unforgivable that the U.S. with its wealth of human talent, would have to turn once again to the Kennedy family for a president, the fact of the Kennedy leadership is seen as the only option for many Americans who yearn for a return to charismatic leadership. His huge lead in the polls will probably diminish if he actually begins campaigning, but only a major split could keep him from winning the Democratic nomination.

Jimmy Carter (president, age 55). Odds: 2 to 1. Incompetency is no longer the asset it once was for a presidential candidate. In Carter's case, it may even be a liability. But he is not likely to make it easy for Kennedy by dropping out, as Lyndon Johnson did when challenged by Robert Kennedy in 1968 and he may attract a heavy sympathy vote just by staying in the race.

Jerry Brown (governor, California, age 47). Odds: 3 to 1. Brown beat Carter in five primaries in the 1976 campaign and was given a good chance of knocking off the president in 1980 in spite of his shaky image. But Brown's prospects

diminish greatly with Kennedy in the race. The polls show him trailing Kennedy even in his home state.

REPUBLICANS

Ronald Reagan (former governor, California, age 60). Odds: even. Reagan has run twice before for the Republican nomination—in 1960 and 1976—and lost. But 1980 looks like his year. He is working hard to moderate his hard, right-wing image and is also benefiting from a rightward shift of the political centre in the U.S. His age raises doubts, however.

John Connally (former governor, Texas, age 63). Odds: 2 to 1. A master orator with a Teddy Roosevelt approach to politics which suits the times, Connally would be a shoe-in for the Republican nomination but for his past hints of treacherous motives to deft him, most recently with suspicion that he gave special treatment to Texas financiers seeking bank charters when he was secretary of the treasury.

Howard Baker (senator, Tennessee, age 55). Odds: 5 to 1. The Republican leader in the Senate, Baker has a reputation as a good funder who gets things done. But Republicans usually prefer ideological purity to pragmatism.

George Bush (former CIA director, age 54). Odds: 5 to 1. A New England-born Texas oilman, Bush has performed a variety of jobs for Republican administrations, all of them capably. But he has lost two bids for the U.S. Senate.

Geary Ford (former president, age 60). Odds: 7 to 1. Ford, in keeping the door open but would only enter the race if Reagan faltered.

Robert Dole (senator, Kansas, age 60). Odds: 15 to 1. Dole is trying to soften his Spore Agony image, which he acquired as Ford's running mate in 1976.

Alexander Haig (general, age 54). Odds: 20 to 1. Haig has an electoral experience, but his supporters like to point out that Dwight D. Eisenhower didn't either when he ran for president. The difference is that Eisenhower was here in World War II while Haig earned his medals in Vietnam, a war the U.S. would like to forget.

John Anderson (congressman, Illinois, age 51). Odds: 15 to 1. The only Liberal in the Republican race, Anderson is swimming against the tide.

Philip Crane (congressman, Illinois, age 45). Odds: 30 to 1. The parent conservative in the race, Crane remains an unknown to most of the country.

If the heats go according to form, the final should pit Kennedy against Reagan, with Kennedy the current favorite. A word of caution is worth heeding, however: almost nobody was picking Carter in the fall of 1975. ☐



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Peter the great

By Lawrence O'Toole

Slightly plump Peter Ustinov comes from the rehearsal stage, bearing a plate of oiled bread on which tuna and two pieces of toast he crossed. He plops his jowl-shaped person onto a plush sofa. He is sporting a seersucker shirt that is as heavy as a guitar's palm-er. Starting alongside this producer of color is the tiny tuna sandwich, at



Ustinov as *Shakespeare* (left), a scene from *Topical* (right) smiling himself at the royal "we."

which he gives a sidelong glance that Nina might have reserved for a particularly voluptuous variety of grape. Poking passed on the islet, he splits the sandwich into his mouth, producing an effect of great delicacy which only the very large can accomplish while handling the very small. He then proceeds to talk with his mouth full, offering no apology, but demonstrating that he can, against the odds of tuna and bread, enunciate as clearly and intelligently as the reformed Elton Doolittle with her mouth full of machine. He is, after all, Peter Ustinov; he can do many things.

At 58, advanced in achievement as well as age, he has sailed into Stratford, Ontario, to essay the role of Shakespeare's most troublesome king, Lear, which he will perform for four weeks beginning Oct. 5 before the production goes to Broadway. "You once said something interesting regarding an early play of yours, *King Lear's Photograph*," remarks the interviewer earnestly. "I'm very relieved to hear it," replies the interviewee. Pinned as perch with his riposte, he breaks his own silence and laughs. The soft, stately sound is the most equivalent of

pebbles skimming a pond. And when he laughs, he shakes, his face a disengagement of wrinkles. Then he lets into Lear, as viewed by Peter Ustinov, proving that he is possibly the only man alive who can say, "Of course it's very skillfully and brilliantly written by Shakespeare," and make it sound like an original and perceptive observation.

When asked once whether Queen

Elizabeth ever experienced difficulty in keeping up her end of the many conversations she must encounter as Queen, the Queen Mother hastily replied that her daughter could, if necessary, carry on an entire conversation in the subject of spark plugs. No less a royal raconteur, Ustinov, given the grace of several seconds, could easily establish a connection between spark plugs and the price of bread in Bulgaria. The royal similitude is persistent: by parlaying the very concept of career in the way he has, Ustinov qualifies for admission to that august company which avails itself of the royal "we." In his time he has been variously known as actor (see *Graceland*, two Oscars, three Emmys), playwright, director, novelist, short-story writer, screen producer and set designer, master of mystery, world traveler and polyglot (fluent in four languages, a smattering of others). Not to push a point, he has been a husband and a father several times, as well. Above all, he is a tailor—the tailor of the chivalrous. Cabot, the darling of the chivalrous crowd (David Niven, no rusty romance him-

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self, won't be found on the same show with him for fear of being upstaged.) Being rather more than inclined to talk into the weight of his father's interest, he can also be the mirror of any or many interviewers. Ultimately, pursuing a personality profile of him can be much like filling in an employment card for Sybil. Quite possibly the only major mistake he has allowed himself to make was when he tilted his best-selling memoirs *Dear Me* and not *Dear Kio*.

"I believe," he announces, "with a profusion that any great state requires." The great state is himself, the country called "Me." When, as a small boy, he saw a chicken have its neck wrung, he invented a mythical state (later dramatized in his now-loveable play, *Boasano*) and *Jakety*, the first role of which was that no chicken should be so far from its neck wrung. That legend, he asserts, bears his only true allegiance. I advise also, one (for the Chequers as Herald in *The Great Dictator*—"End myself").

There is a rumor that Ustinov actually had a childhood, one which he confirms: "I was an only child and you develop eccentric, I think, because you're left more to your own devices. And when you're left to your own devices you become more idiosyncratic, more abstract." Perhaps abstracted is the word he means. Having turned in upon himself, he has mapped out a distance between himself and the rest of the world. The proximity of his childhood implies the same distance—being a stranger to the



Ustinov in a young man (left), in *Thamesford and Jack* (a "Gladstone" in the film), and in *all naked people dressed in various clothes*



ordinary way of life he perceived as always having surrounded him. The landscape has remained unchanged, stronger in a strange land. He has always craved change, ascending associations as often as some people change underwear today a play, sometimes the whirl of travel for Ustinov life is an internal exodus on the go, buzzing from flower to flower, tasting different perfumes. Peter Ustinov: *The Bitterly Nice*.

Though technically British, any place he picks himself is temporarily home. And though a latter-day Ulysses circling the globe, he does keep a pied-à-terre in Paris and an operations base in Switzerland, the domain of the truly anonymous. "A well-furnished closet or machine cell where I can walk around with nothing on if I feel so inclined." Coconed, he claims, in Leningrad, but born in England, he is a heady admixture of Russian, German, French, Italian and Ethiopian blood. His travels, not to mention his genes, are given to before, account for the door to his mind always being open to new visitors. All people want a piece of him, notably Russian expatriates in Paris. They once approached him for \$10,000 to finance a hip operation for an ailing Russian dancer who feared she "might never dance again." She was 95.

It was, in fact, Lear's age that drew Ustinov to the role, one he has wanted to play since he was 15. "I mean I think half the past of this play is that it's about sexuality, and what makes sexuality moving is that it's incestuous." The basic discovery Lear makes is that we're all naked people dressed up in various clothes, but we suddenly see that everyone's transparent." No mental gymnastics necessary to see the parallels between Lear and the man who would be Lear, a man who indeed wears a coat of many colors. One of the hours that Lear held for Ustinov was the chance to indulge himself. "Because everyone is shown to be transparent in the play, Lear is a political play and a military play." This indulgence will also take the form of a certain liberty. Ustinov and Stratford Festival Director Robin Phillips have elected to play Lear as a military extravaganza set in the mid-19th century.

A larger liberty will be taken, too. Ustinov will emphasize comedy—an interpretation many will undoubtedly construe as eccentric, if not ridiculous. "Lear is as mad as a hatter from the very beginning," he insists. Daughters Goneril and Regan are not, so his mad, at all villainous. "They are just outraged housewives. When the old father keeps arriving with 100 knights, most of them drunk—well, it's not something a daughter wants in her house." Yet, when the old man is left to

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the merry of the both and Glasgow has his eyes torn out—well, it's not something a man with a heart attached to it wants to find long.

In taking on the real king's movie, Ustinov says he is not avoiding himself in any kind of artistic risk. "I have a hubbly no fear as far as one single performance is concerned. I just don't know what stamina one needs to play it fully often." Perhaps because Ustinov is not used to doing anything fairly often.

He chose Canada to present his "never, frother corpse" because he thought it would "highlight the multicultural Canadian audience as a sort of bridge between Americans and Europeans, with a freshness that doesn't exist in Europe anymore and a sophistication often lacking in the U.S." To paraphrase the "skilled and brilliant" writer Ustinov has introduced as so. "The Cheery Swimmer" is on the loose. The view from this position, especially for one so decidedly diplomatic, is most engaging.

A man of liberal temperament, as he likes to call himself, Ustinov protests that he occupies a very vulnerable place in the middle of things. "Glasgow is a less dramatic role than black or white, the central notes of the piano don't sound as exciting as the higher and lower ones. It requires enormous strength to be there in the middle, not in the cold much like the guy who was out there in the cold. I think it's the only valid place to be."

Moving from occupation to occupation, country to country, Ustinov is serious in his particular political thought except his own, which is a well-guarded secret. For instance, "I believe in the common world and the self-organizing world, and the end result is frightfully similar. The pit is in terms of an acquisition, the Soviet system is to get all the fish in different tanks, grade them, and express pain and surprise when one fish asks to change its tank and the American system is to put all the fish—from whales to sardines—in the same tank and advise them on their way in that

Ustinov, Terence Stamp in 'Billy Budd' like a dog ready for the critic's free ride

they've all got the same rights. I can't really see the enormous advantage of one over the other."

His total lack of commitment to anything permanent has resulted in an ongoing criticism of his work that he's jacked-all-trades and master of none. Most critics in fact he shakes and compares with fast hopping on a dog for a free ride) find his acting, directing and acting work on the film version of Melville's *Billy Budd* is his finest work. One critic, though, described him as "a dog ready for the critic's free ride" or played it in *Billy Budd*, would never make up his mind—a prototypical first-order and supervisor. The critics, still enjoying the ride and glowing over the dog's inability to shake them, think further that Ustinov does brilliant turns, such as More in *Quo Vadis* or the tired in *Topkapi*, and writes brilliant one-acters, but never full-scale performances or fully finished-out plays.

Stability to him is as repulsive as the devil's tempting trail. The sea-green eyes, staring above the animal, busy mouth take everything in, but give very little away. Having said that, *Love* will require "the higher mathematics of acting," he will not explain the specific processes that produce good will involve. Masterfully evasive, he suggests a diverting anecdote. Like all raconteurs, he is not above recycling his anecdotal of these. "Oh, well—er—you've heard that one, then?"

His methods of working are those of someone who doesn't like to be stirred alone with his thoughts. He doesn't like silence and can't work with it hanging around his ears. "I have to have something to concentrate against. During the war it was the bombs. I got so used to them, though, I couldn't hear them anymore. People would say, 'How can you?' and I would say [japping his ear], 'What?'" Not surprisingly, his favored mode of relaxation is dozing away while driving. "I find I think at the wheel. I can't think and keep my eye



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Frontlines

on the road. However, it's dangerous when it gets like [director] Michael Curtiz who can get out of his car while it was in motion to sit down as he is on a piece of paper." To divert his full attention from things he has a record library of more than 6,000 discs in his Swiss mountain retreat.

"You couldn't live with Peter and Tina. You'd get confused. Sometimes it is like being with 12 people," says his wife, Helene De Lau d'Allemans, herself a dabbler—in journalism, modeling and film. And to keep the centennial parent at bay, Ustinov throws himself into his spiritual activities with great gusto and energy. Theater John McCreery, who worked with Ustinov recently when Ustinov played tour guide in *Les Indes* in McCreery's *Cine* TV series, says, "The nine days in Leningrad was like watching some symphony be made. He turned every day into a symphony—he composed, orchestrated, conducted and played. You just had to sit back and marvel at how he does it."

When McCreery needed some last-minute narration dubbed, Ustinov was in London filming interiors for *Death on the Nile*. He had been at it since 5 a.m. but promised to show up and McCreery caught him, at nine o'clock that night, trying to sneak into the hotel lobby past detection. McCreery nabbed him, Ustinov apologized and complained bitterly: "I had to dance a tango over and over in front of Betty Davis all day—and she didn't have one damn line to say." Terribly tired, he did remember his promise: "Can I at least go to the laundry?" he asked, looking an incredible blur over all his vowels. To assuage the dance-out actor, McCreery presented a fruit after the dubbing. Done they did, but when the ball arrived the establishment informed McCreery that credit cards weren't accepted. Ustinov pulled out the tab and turned to his host. He directed two words at him, one of which was "you," the other a word not used in polite society, every component of which was maligned. Then Ustinov perked up and inhaled what must have been his fifth or sixth wind and arrived back at the hotel just in time for the next day's shooting.

"Peter is in constant contact with me," adds McCreery. Ustinov's habit—and knack—for saying something serious in an amusing way, while fun for others, often runs wild as far as he's concerned. "When I'm serious, people tend to laugh a great deal. When I'm trying to be funny, people are stupefied. I'm serious nearly all the time. Perhaps I should like to be taken more seriously, but I don't want to be more serious."

"I am always trying to escape any

comfortable stereotype people have of me," he says, and then declares with considerable fury, "I hate images!" Obviously, repudiating the agent, he tells of a German man who complained that Ustinov inspired why he felt that way. "See image? See image?" replied the man. "Things are meant to change. I don't think I have a favorite anything. Such questions imply a permanency of your condition which is really very depressing." He passes nonchalantly and fondles an ashtray that hangs on his neck.

The ashtray is an ancient Egyptian symbol of eternal life.

Honoring a cliché, it could be said that Ustinov lives life to the fullest. Yet there's a strain of desperation in his voice when he says, "There has to be a way to find new things. Old things can't be good forever. It's a contradiction to the whole nature of things. There are seasons. There's death. Life would have no meaning unless there was death. Without it we wouldn't know how to assess life. It would be a map without a scale." How frightfully interesting. ☐

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The seeds of discontent

When the Manitoba government announced in July that it was selling off yet another Crown corporation—McKenzie Seeds—Briggs Seeds Ltd., of Brandon—the rush to “privatize” did more than outrage many Manitobans. It raised again the spectre of multinational corporations taking over the seed business not only in Canada, but around the world—a trend that has gained momentum in recent years. The prospect of such a take-over, and the possible consequences, are not simply the politically motivated carbs of Manitoba Premier Sterling Lyon’s opponents. The possibility of crop failures and food shortages on a catastrophic scale—resulting from the tinkering of multinationals—has been invoked by many experts in the field, most recently in the report *Seeds of the Earth* (published by the Ottawa-based aid organization, *Inter Pares*), released at last month’s World Food Council meeting in Ottawa.

McKenzie Seeds was put on the auction block because of Lyon’s 1997 election promise to “get the government out

of business.” Detractors say that the Crown corporation was sold simply because its financial success grated on the Conservative line on enterprise sensitivities. McKenzie accounts for 75 per cent of the packaged seed market in Canada, contributes about \$150,000 a year to Manitoba’s dwindling coffers and employs up to 240 people (at peak season) in a town where stagnating and slow economic growth seems like progress. Winnipeg Tribune columnist Frances Russell calls the move a “textbook illustration of political ideology triumphing over common sense, of selfish desires overriding the interests of the economy and people.” The government says that the company needs refinancing, and that a private company, not the taxpayers, should bear that expense.

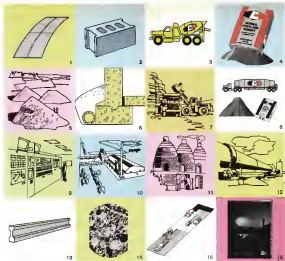
Provincial government guarantees that the company will remain in Brandon may allay some local concerns. But a larger threat remains, at least in the minds of people such as *Seeds of the Earth* author Patrick Moore, a 30-year-old Manitoba farmer who says that two giant multinationals—Swiss-



Manitoba wheat field, McKenzie Seeds’ headquarters (viewer left) to the north.

based Obo-Gery and International Telegraph and Telegraph—are trying to buy the corporation.

The impact of multinational corporations in the world seed trade is noticeable in its economic scope, since the dozens of take-overs of seed companies around the world are on the public record (Royal Dutch/Shell, Sandoz and Pfizer are some of the larger firms). However, the impact on the quality, availability and price of seeds produced by multinationals is an area of rising controversy, and it is in the production in this area that *Seeds of the Earth* finds its sting. Disaster, the book says, could soon come to world agriculture in the name of “genetic uniformity”—a uniformity of seed types that would result from the increasing control over the breeding process by a small number of companies. By selling their new hybrid seeds to Third World countries, companies could eradicate wild species of grains and vegetables that are now found mainly in developing countries, but even these species are getting, it will



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Frontlines

be impossible to breed their hardy traits into commercial crops. That, argues Monney and others, would leave agriculture defenceless against new pests and diseases, and would invite apocalyptic demands for crops.

North America has already placed heavy reliance on the genetic resources of the Third World. For instance, about 75 per cent of Canada's prairie bread wheat is of a variety at least partially derived from an East African species. Virtually all the corn planted in the U.S., Canada, Argentina, Brazil, South Africa and France comes from hybrid seeds supplied by a handful of multinationals, says U.S. journalist Dan Morgan. In his book *Monocults of Greed*, which examines the operations of the world's grain cartels, Morgan also says that these companies are only a year or two away from developing hybrid wheats—an elusive breakthrough long sought in seed research. That is a prospect of alarm throughout the Canadian West, for hybrids do not pass on their vigor to the next generation, and must be bought anew each year from the multinationals.

Behind the push to develop hybrid wheat is the impetus of plant breeders' rights (pat) legislation, which the Canadian government is planning to introduce. By granting patents and royalties on seed hybrids, PM offers potentially huge profits to seed companies. The legislation was chosen as the carrot after the federal department of agriculture tired of paying for the research and development of seeds and sought to unload the expense onto private industry. And although such legislation would surely make seed research attractive, it has become one of the most fiery political issues on the Prairies this year. Groups such as the National Farmers Union and the New Democratic Party have already vowed to fight the legislation. Supporters of PM laws, on the other hand, point out that the U.S. and European countries already have such legislation and that the competition between companies will produce more plant varieties, better yields and more opportunity for farmers to diversify.

But the Patrick Monney and Dan Morgan of the agricultural world disagree, and take their lead from Wendell Berry, a Kentucky farmer-poet who symbolizes the light to de-technologists farming. He notes the fundamental problem is our "determination to use the life of the soil as if it were an extractable resource like coal, to use living things as if they were machines and to impose scientific (that is, laboratory) conclusions upon living complexities that are ultimately systems."

Andre McNeill

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THINK VANTAGE

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The film's theme is *No Shall We Be Moved*, strummed by a three-man fiddle and hange band. The protagonist is one Pierre Trudeau, promising the House of Commons a pennyroyal and to the "freethinkers." The protagonist is a postal worker, standing on the steps of an Ottawa courthouse as a *May* of Canadian Union of Postal Workers. The film is a national President Jean-Claude Parrel's sentencing last May who is furiously denouncing the duplicity of politicians. When a union fraught with a much controversy as CUPW goes Hollywood for the first time, the product, not surprisingly, is a piece of propaganda. Useful in providing the union's side of its squabble with government and industry.

Faced with this month's appeal of Parra's three-month sentence for defying back-to-work legislation during last October's postal strike, CWA decided to counter its tarnished image with a media play of its own. The result: *The Struggle Continues*, a 30-minute collection of filmed interviews with union members and supporters, interspersed with historical still photographs illustrating the tribulations of postal workers over the years.

Released in mid-September to undermine what CLRW charges was a federally mounted advertising campaign of "calumnies and distortions," the film puts the blame for last year's 30-day strike where the union believes it belongs—in the government's lap. One interviewee who supports the union's claim is Bill Melody, acting chairman of Simon Fraser University's communica-

Postal workers picketing during '78 strike
 (center) Black on 'Columbian, Baltimore'

this department. He says in the final that the major cause of the dismantling of the Canadian mail service is not union demands but the government's own botched planning—a multi-million-dollar layout for automation equipment that was outdated and useless before it was installed over the past decade. The purchase, he says, constitutes one of Canada's monumental administrative debacles.

The movie also includes clips of debates in the House of Commons with cameo appearances by Trudeau and other officials. "The government has consistent access to the media. It's always their story," says László Barna, the film's director and a research analyst. He attempts to show that the government's tactic during the strike was not to negotiate but to weaken the union's credibility and to turn it into a decade story in a scenario scripted by the press office. They tried to make people think that union members were saboteurs and radicals who did nothing but sleep on the job, making up just long enough to sabotage the machinery and demand more money.

In the immediate future, *The Struggle Continues* will be playing to restrictive audiences of union groups across the country. But with the battle for the hearts and minds of Canadians only starting, who knows, it may not be long before the cameras start rolling on *The Struggle Continues II*—for public consumption.

Fred Blumens

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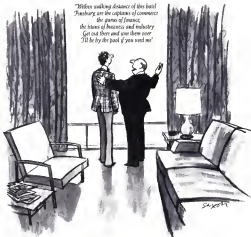
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One man's heat, another's poison

I read with interest *Nuclear Power Debate* for the 30s (Aug 20) and the accompanying editorial by Peter Newman. Both link the accident which occurred at Chalk River, Ontario, in 1982, to the recent "Three Mile Island nightmare." Not clear from their comments, however, was the fact that the Chalk River accident occurred at an early stage in the development of nuclear reactors during an experiment which required temporary changes to the cooling system. This heated the cooling capacity and increased the reactor's vulnerability to accident. In contrast, the accident at Three Mile Island involved a commercial power-production reactor of different design, presumably set up and operated according to U.S. standards. While it is possible to conclude that the Chalk River accident shows the same thing could happen here, it is also possible, given the good safety record of Canadian reactors, to conclude that Canadians learned their early nuclear safety lessons better. Or are we still inclined to believe that Canadians can do first-class work in advanced technical fields?

A N. THACKER, OTTAWA

Your feature article on nuclear power impressed me by its incredible bias. I don't know who or what Warren Gamble is, but obviously he is clearly committed to the "against" side of the debate. Let's look at some comparisons. How many people were killed in aircraft accidents in the first quarter century after the Wright brothers' flight in 1903? How many people have been killed in automobile accidents over the years? Of course there will be a major nuclear

accident in the future. Undoubtedly hundreds of thousands will die. As for me and my family, I am happy to take my chances. Sure I want reasonable precautions to be taken, but no more than when I board an aircraft. I don't want or intend to give up my present way of life. I believe I am no different from the majority who rarely speak out but who are prepared to take the inherent risks that we all must accept to maintain our very comfortable standard of living. If nuclear fusion will help to solve our current energy problems, then let us use it to its full potential while seeking a better solution. We, the usually silent majority, are aware of and accept the risk.

DEBRA N. DICKING, PORT MOODY, B.C.

Wanna buy a duck?

Your article *Out of the Bag a Hint to Lent* (Aug 10) was rather interesting, but it is worth remembering, however, that in this day and age retaining some fragments of relatively natural environments often involves enormous trade-offs, some of which may be disastrous. Bob Walden conveniently forgets that our wealthy duck hunters were among the few who put their money where their mouths were when it came down to realistically supporting habitat management programs. When waterfowl are "poached," whether for consumption or non-consumptive uses, most marsh inhabitants benefit. Walden's remarks quoted in the article can only be dismissed as poorly thought out, or at best naïve. There are many of us as the Prairies who appreciate both the bird watching and the waterfowl that these magnificent marshes provide.

P. M. BROWNE, SIOUX FALLS



Ontario nuclear workers lessons learned

A win of omission

Your issue of Aug. 27 was one of the best in weeks because of an omission Allan Patheingraham's often brutal and tactless column. Any chance of this omniscience becoming a regular feature?

B. A. SAMPSON, EDMONTON

Unions in the stew

I am in total agreement with Merley Targov's opinion regarding the sliding scale of dues as stated in *The Typewriter on the Wall: Insights on a Sliding Scale* (Aug 27). As a free-lancer I know I would have been dead many years ago if I had depended on living solely from writing. Of course Pierre Berton agrees with the scale, however, he does not appreciate the cut-price American editions of Canadian books which were despised by Canadian bookstores. Perhaps he is now looking for the opportunity to become the head of an organized labor writers' union. After all, Pierre knows a good thing when he sees it. I can not wait to see writers' unions but an organized labor writers' union, HUSTON!

MARCO TULLO, WILMINGTON, MASS.

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Frontlines

Once more, with feeling

In your article *Bookend Days* and *Emancipated Words* (July 31), you quote Ronald Keating, president of Lactive Systems (Canada) Ltd. of Toronto, saying that he nearly sent a *Times* to Joe Clark's worded. "I felt like saying, 'You're an ass,' but I didn't." This happened after Clark's relaxed ignorance of world affairs in insisting on moving the Canadian embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. My question to Ronald Keating is, "Why didn't you say it?" We should always tell the truth.

FRANK W. MERCEZ, GARTNOTH, O.S.

Fleurit MacDonald

Your editorial and cover story *The Incredible Fleur* (Sept. 3) have introduced me to a delightful lady. This is one of the most wholesomely written characterizations of a fine lady that I have read in a long time. I appreciate your too modest description of her as a "helpful faun" in the world — echoes of another great "helpful faun," the late Lester B. Pearson.

JAMES H. TAYLOR,
LATHROP, SOUTH CAROLINA

Head over hills in love

If your article *A Little Something for the Boy* (Aug. 13) was intended to be provocative or catalytic, it may be interesting to know that it was very much so. It was difficult to know whether you were aware of, or even interested in, the consideration that the Guinness writing for the 100-million "mammoth undertaking" of Baron von Wendi and his associated developers is part of a small-scale, but well-known, much loved and very beautiful range of hills. Your article describes nothing of the present character of these hills. The proposed site is scarcely one mile across, bordered on one side by road access to exciting ski lifts and adjacent residential development, and on the other side by the Guinness River. The Baron's proposal represents an imposition of a high-density enterprise. The impact of the density alone would drastically change the present environment. I am writing this letter because I am one of many who believe that the operation proposed is incompatible and completely out of scale with the landscape and surrounding settlement. To this issue the community has initiated a group called *Conservation Guinness*, its obvious purpose being to preserve the integrity of an irreplaceable God-given environment for this and future generations.

N. GRIFFITHS, OTTAWA

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Frontlines

A jet-set gambling streak turns dice into dollars

Surveying the scene from the grassy balcony 30 feet above the throng, the first impression is—diamonds. A man's earflippers with two studs, a woman in blue jeans flashes diamond rings and wrists, and almost everyone else seems to be displaying at least one sparkling stone. The game he is the second impression—that a huge bridge tournament is in progress. Indeed, it's a rare large bridge where waters sit on one of the huge hall tend a bar and buffet, and where the mouth hole of a spectacular golf course lies just beyond the floor-to-ceiling windows. It is, in fact, the First International Bridgegame Championships of Puerto Rico, where everyone who attended last month—even the spectators—went to win.

The money up front is a top prize of \$18,000 with seven additional prizes ranging from \$800 to \$5,000. But away from the official gaming tables covered with deep blue linens, the dominant tone throughout the Cerrones Beach Hotel is the sound of money being fiddled, folded and changing hands, to the beat of the dice.

On the beach, in the lobby and around the pool, men and women in tennis garb

or elegant beach cover-ups begin tossing the dice early in the first morning Tournament co-director Sidney Jacobson, who recently organized the Monte Carlo backgammon championships, reveals the events inside the hotel that bonds have been set up in Dallas Free, for anyone wishing to enjoy a private game. But there is no need for that. Long before registration is completed, players have been warming up on games worth from \$1 to \$500 a point. Having breakfast on the garden terrace overlooking the scene, Oswald Jacoby, the granddaddy of backgammon and bridge, now in his 70s, can be seen matching his skill against a much younger opponent.

But facing down an opponent is not the only way to win at a backgammon tournament. The nervous thrill of watching favorite players tangle over the boards is heightened by the tournament's "Calcutta"—a hotly contested auction of competitors. British MC Alan Lorenson takes the microphone to "sell" the competitors to the assembled black-tie crowd—"women" get a cut of the Calcutta pot if their players win or finish well. As the enthusiastic bidding begins, players such as former world

"Calcutta" bidders in Puerto Rico, playing with diamonds and the Human Computer

bridge champion Billy Rosenberg and Paul Magner, another "wonder" contender (also known as "the Human Computer" or "N-22"), are sold individually, and bring \$2,000 apiece. The top bid is a group of eight players, all women in this case, sells for \$2,000. Within an hour, the bidding has raised the Calcutta purse to more than \$60,000.

Backgammon, in which dark-colored and white chips represent opposing armies (the first player to capture all his chips from the board wins), is one of the hottest gambling games in the world. It dates back 4,000 to 5,000 years, and the precursor of a crude, early version of the game in King Tutankhamun's tomb suggests that the Egyptian ruler himself had a penchant for a roll of the dice. Caesar's armies enjoyed the game between battles, and at the court of Louis XIV backgammon was a popular pastime.

But it wasn't until the Russian immigrant Prince Alexis Obolensky introduced the game to his socialite New York friends in the 1950s that the backgammon craze took hold in North America. And when Obolensky suggested the idea of an international tournament, which was held in 1964 in the Bahamas, backgammon as a competitive game became as hotly contested as bridge.

It was an innovation of the 1920s—



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Frontlines

the doubling cube—that made the game such a potent lure for gamblers. At strategic moments in the game, players can challenge their opponents to increase the stakes by rolling a cube bearing numbers from 2 doubling up to 64. It is not uncommon for the cube to go rapidly from hand to hand, doubling the stakes every time. Thus, if a 95-per-cent game ends with a one-point difference, then 64 would change hands, but if the doubling cube has reached 64, then 64 is lost and won. As Paul Marshall, world champion until July of this year, has written, "The doubling cube holds the key to being a winner or a loser." If King Tai had played and lost with the cube, tournament-goers might well be visiting someone else's tomb today.

Backgammon is easy to learn and the boards are portable, which accounts in large measure for its popularity. But to play it well is difficult, especially with a luck factor that experts estimate to be 20 per cent—considerably greater than chess but dwarfed, compared to roulette. (One cartoon, Barclay Cooke, co-author of Backgammon: The Complete Game, has estimated that it may even be as high as 75 per cent.)

In Puerto Rico, as the week wears on, backgammon fever becomes almost palpable. As the games are shortened and the stakes rise, the struggles to win turn to overt psychological warfare. Both sexes play to conquer. Women flaunt cleavages with plunging necklines to distract you and mounds of the appetizer, then display smiles and breezy gestures to intimidate their opponents. Some hide behind dark glasses, others chain-smoke until the cigarettes are litged both. A few, hoping to distract with the casual approach, barely conversation, but they are in the minority—the trend, for most players, is a stonified, silent vigil over their pieces. Each match ends with a tense handshake.

By 10 p.m. the tournament matches are usually over, but the participants do not adjourn to the lounge, supper club or even the casino. In their suites or in Solan Five they are hedging their chances of winning the tournament with high-stakes games, or making side bets on the final match, Saturday morning. Peter Gold, an embattled entrepreneur from England, faces Kal

Robinson, an American from the exclusive Casablanca West Club in Los Angeles. Their table, the table where \$10,000 in prize money would go up to smoke for one of them, is custom-designed and lit with ebony and silver. The spectators, excluded from the game room, watch the two men over closed-circuit television.

The first match goes to Gold, the second to Robinson. The dice roll, the cube is offered, accepted, refused. In the

next room the running commentary keeps pace with every move. Then it is over—the reigning Kal Robinson takes the final point. At the formal awards banquet more than \$100,000 in cash prizes is distributed, and the tournament has finished. Well, almost. The next day, as the contestants fly home, the flight attendants can hear the dice rattling in the cups and see the diamonds—sparkling.

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THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO

Frontlines

This is the way the ladies ride

Their changing room is a trailer parked behind the jockey building at the Fort Erie racetrack. Angry bettors who have lost on them wander past and shout, "What's the matter, dear, got a headache?" or, "Why don't you go back to the kitchen?" But with more than 30 winners among them this season, Mary Claessens, Amanda Oliver and Diane Zippa are not giving the rhubarb less a lot of openings. Beyond winning horse races, the three are winning a change in attitude in the world of Canadian thoroughbred racing about the ability and acceptability of women jockeys.

The changes are still far from complete, however, in a sport where even middle-aged, well-known riders are still referred to as "boys." But when superb Canadian jockey Sandy Hawley inquired before riding at Fort Erie what sort of competition he might expect from Claessens, Oliver and Zippa, he was told "They ride like boys." That's not to say they ride like gentlemen. Claessens and Oliver have both been given "days" this season—five-day suspensions for rough riding.

Even though there were women jockeys in 19th-century England, the racing crowd has generally welcomed female riders as if they were middle

men. But even the most ardent traditionalists have been given new sight this summer by the phenomenal success of Mary Claessens, who has charged to victory in more than a third of her races at Fort Erie's 11 meeting (where the stakes are lower than at A meetings). But despite her fabulous average, she still has trouble getting enough rides, and in frustration she raves the announced owner of the Fort Erie track's Papyrus, "I'm going to get you"—a threat aimed at local trainers (who decide which jockeys to use).

Pennsylvanian Diane Zippa has the same problem, despite an impressive start at Toronto's Woodbine Racetrack this summer, where she had been invited by Canadian trainers. She won her first ride, and the winner paid off at odds of better than 46 to 1. "I'm doing good here," she says, "but to be really good, you've got to race every day." Like her two female cohorts, Zippa will be back next season, going for a bigger share of rides. And if they get there—month out, boys, the girls are winners.

David Woods

Blue Danube. It speaks for itself.



Zippa paying off at better than 46 to 1



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Not with a whimper but a bang

By David Thomas

Quebeckers have reason to be grateful to Rodrigue Tremblay. It was Tremblay who, as minister of industry and commerce, walked around the side of wine in corner groceries and thus saved consumers from the worst of a continuing strike against government liquor stores. But within the government itself, the economist had earned enemies. His conservative resistance to labor and social programs had alienated the self-designated Social Democrats of the Parti Québécois cabinet but, most of all, it was Tremblay's overbearing snooty posture that made him intolerable to his colleagues and Premier René Lévesque. Tremblay's vanity shone in his signature: four inches long and two inches tall, it is followed by his academic credentials, PhD, an occupation long surrendered by most scholars.

That thick signature ended the vibrant, five-page letter of resignation from both the cabinet and the PQ which Tremblay pulled from his pocket and handed to Lévesque Friday morning. Having been warned by published rumors of his imminent dismissal as an irritant, Tremblay drafted the letter the night before Lévesque's official confirmation of his devotion to the back benches. Though those who know Tremblay will consider that personal pride and not any matter of principle motivated his walkaway gesture, his resignation as a mere pre-business minister and the security of his barbs were bound to damage the government's image severely. Ironically, it helped the cabinet shuffle announced later the same day which was intended to freshen the government's sagging face at what the premier said was "night shortly before the referendum."

Another victim of the shuffle, former communications minister Louis O'Neil, worried of his departure from the cabinet Thursday and went into a suit of his own, telling the premier that he too might resign in protest. At the very least the reactions reeked the intense reaction among the government's shuffling prima donnas. The number of self-proclaimed ministers swelled to three, including former parliamentary reform minister Robert Burns who quit the cabinet last spring, protesting the PQ would lose its referendum on sovereignty-association.

Lévesque refused to answer the re-

question critics insisted in Tremblay's resignation letter, harsher even than the assaults of the Opposition Liberals. The economics professor on leave from the University of Montreal said the PQ government could turn Quebec into an "economic ghetto" and, in a clear reference to Lévesque's reluctance for sovereignty-association, Tremblay scorned "maelstrom politics which do

not take into account the North American reality in which we live and which could easily cause our people to regress by a century." The fired minister had numerous words for his former cabinet fellows. Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau was accused of putting Quebec's finances in peril, neglecting current expenses "by moving from Tokyo to Zurich to borrow at effective rates of interest exceeding 30 per cent." Then Tremblay accused Economic Development Minister Bernard Landry who, he wrote to Lévesque, "is one of your closest confidants, whom you appointed without regard to economic competence despite your own barely disguised indifference to economic development." Tremblay accused Landry of "sabotaging" his plans to create a business bank and an export development corporation and then turning around and stealing the idea for Landry's own economic policy. It was this alleged intellectual theft that caused Tremblay to issue Lévesque an ultimatum several weeks ago: either he would be assigned responsibility for the two projects or he would quit. The premier, who reacts angrily to threats, decided to drop the matter.



Lévesque: a balding graying economist Tremblay drew a signature two inches tall



Tremblay blamed his downfall on Lévesque's course of advent, charging that "the police intrigues of certain cliques within your entourage have greater influence on your decisions than does any higher concern for the general interest of Quebec." He reproved Lévesque for mismanaging confidence over his true objectives and urged the premier to "free up your men's leadership and, for the good of Quebec, to go beyond the advice of the yes-men who surround you." Tremblay was referring to Lévesque's chief of staff, Jean-Roch Beaudin, and the premier's political technician, Michel Charpentier, who Tremblay suspects were behind his tapping. Revenge was Tremblay's, his openless blowing of the trumpets behind him increased the government's image of instability and Tremblay promises to stick around as an independent to harass his former aide. He will not resign his National Assembly seat before the referendum and portentously refused to say whether he still believes in Quebec independence.

Asked how he planned to deal with Tremblay's denunciations, Lévesque replied "I don't know—they're a bit embarrassing." ☐

The mortgage maze: an apple became an orange

By Jane O'Hara

Finance Minister Jean Charest's part life as a Communist? His sartorial tastes ran to off-the-rack suits and loaf shoes, his work-shedding more than ample than executive-length-rear. Last week, however, Charest showed up tailored in a two-piece tuxedo's bly at a press conference to announce the Tories' much-touted mortgage interest and property tax credits scheme. "It's my finance suit," said the minister, and although he looked uncharacteristically beaming in donning the 45-minute suit, it had little to do with his newly tarted-up image.

In unveiling the scheme that will give Canadian homeowners tax credits of up to \$750 that year and a four-year annual increase up to \$1,500 by 1992, Charest did not look like a man responsible for unveiling the contents of the Tories' major election goal. Rather, he gave the impression of a minister who lacked the mortgage of his party's connection. Faced with an already massive federal deficit of \$11.3 billion, the forty-two-year-old is said to wear privately at the program that will cost him \$275 million this year and \$2.3 billion when it fully phases in by 1992. As one finance official noted, "The minister isn't happy about the plan. But he's prepared to try it for four years, then throw it out if it doesn't work." (However, U.S. experience suggests withdrawing the credits early proves almost impossible—see box.)

It was criticized by Liberals as "a major budget announcement outside Parliament," Charest outlined the scheme that would "Toll the Conservative pledge" to help Canadians own a piece of the real estate, stimulate the housing industry and create jobs. Yet the program was substantially altered from the original Tory proposal of mortgage interest deductibility. In the original scheme, mortgage interest and property taxes would have been deducted from taxable income, whereas under the new scheme credits are subtracted from the bottom line—Tax Payable—of a personal income tax form.

Deductibility entered the electoral vernacular last year when then Opposition leader Joe Clark introduced the policy to new voters during the October by-elections and then to his three in the

federal elections. (A private Tory poll taken after May 22, however, revealed that only two per cent of those who voted for reasons other than to vote Trudeau, did so because of mortgage deductibility.)

The revised Tory scheme of tax credits is equal to 35 per cent of annual interest payments up to \$5,000 (maximum \$32,500 in '79) to a maximum \$1,500 in '80, plus a flat tax credit for property taxes (\$62.50 in '79 to \$356 in '82, no matter the size of the tax bill). According to Charest, whose house is not mortgaged, the switch from deductions to tax credits was because tax credits were "simpler and faster." But, in fact, Charest lost a battle to the finance department, under the now deceased deputy minister William C. Hood, which vainly opposed the inequity of the deductions scheme. Aside from leveling the tax base to subsidize higher income groups, deductibility would also have offered provincial residents and would have made more reasonable the already complex provincial-federal tax sharing arrangements. But as one disgruntled Toronto homeowner put it, "We were



Charest, the mortgage on the bottom line

proceeding on apples and delivered an orange."

Bill Garrett, a 38-year-old salesman who just purchased his first home, in Vancouver, is one of close to three million Canadians in middle- and lower-income groups (\$20,000 and under) who stand to benefit from the change. Under the tax credit system, Garrett's savings will be higher, proportional to his taxable earnings, than the savings of

those in higher tax brackets. By paying the maximum \$5,000 in mortgage interest annually, he will claim \$1,750 more in 1980 than he would have under the originally proposed Tory scheme. The reverse is true for higher-income homeowners, who stood to make more by deducting their mortgage interest and property tax payments from their taxable income and other taxes.

Garrett's major beef is that of many Canadians, the scheme "doesn't go far enough." Opposition critics leapt at the chance to jump on the plan, saying it will promote higher mortgage rates and housing prices. They point out that there are 4.5 million renters, who will receive no tax credits, as well as 3.5 million homeowners who will not benefit at all (those who pay no income tax anyway). Very little (less than one-third) will receive only the federal housing credit. Lloyd Axworthy, a rising star at least in his own galaxy, promised to fight an election on the issue if amendments aren't made to subsidize renters and low-income households. Although Charest explained that "we didn't give renters anything," a report prepared for the Tory cabinet last week revealed the government could help low-income and senior-citizen renters for one-third the cost of the homeowners' proposal. And it's thought that the government will come up with some rent subsidy program to ward off a confrontation in the Commons.

Provisions with the least to gain in the scheme are Quebec, where more than 50 per cent of the population live with less than \$8,000 per year netting in Montreal and Quebec City, the Atlantic provinces, where 70 per cent own homes, but only 31 per cent have mortgages; and the Prairie provinces, where 63 per cent own homes but fewer than half have mortgages. Even among those who will gladly take the bait, there are skeptics. Says Phil Thompson, who has a \$300,000 mortgage on a six-year-old bungalow near Sherwood, Nova Scotia: "It's a case of one hand pushing and the other taking away. Expect the banks to raise the interest rates and it will be harder for us to sell in a couple of years."

And, according to Dr. Michael Walker of Vancouver's Fraser Institute, the worst flaw in the scheme is one of the Tories' major selling points. With more than 70,000 unused housing units in Canada and a seven-month backlog of 9,400 new homes on the market, Walker insists: "The housing industry in this country doesn't need more subsidies. Now is the time to direct capital into the industrial sector where we are weak."

To order to meet the grumbling deadline for 1979 tax returns, Charest was forced

No matter of simple deduction

Since 1976 Americans have been allowed to deduct interest paid on mortgages and other loans. The measure has been a boon to homeowners and buyers and has helped to give the U.S. the highest proportion of home ownership in the world (84.2 per cent of Americans own their own homes compared with 59.5 per cent in Canada), but it has also proved expensive (the deduction of mortgage interest alone cost the U.S. treasury \$7.6 billion in fiscal 1979, 10.4 per cent of the total deficit that year) and is a frequent target of criticism from both liberal and conservative economists in the U.S.

The sticking point to the inequity of mortgage deductibility. They note that the rich, because they are in a higher income tax bracket, benefit more than middle-income earners from the measure. (Because the Canadian scheme involves a tax credit rather than a deduction it is favored by liberals.) It also points out that renters receive no benefit at all. Indeed, they may now be suffering because of it. Mortgage deductibility is credited, in part with the "gentlemen's"—the conversion of apartment buildings to condominiums—which is keeping the U.S. "Because lenders often cannot afford the down payment of a condominium, they are displaced. Inadequately there is nowhere for them to go, says an American assisted director of tax reform for the Congressional Budget Office. He cautions that construction "has still about doubled."

Conservatives criticize mortgage deductibility because it inflates the capital markets, attracting money into housing that could be more productively spent in less volatile areas. Even those who will gladly take the bait, there are skeptics. Says Phil Thompson, who has a \$300,000 mortgage on a six-year-old bungalow near Sherwood, Nova Scotia: "It's a case of one hand pushing and the other taking away. Expect the banks to raise the interest rates and it will be harder for us to sell in a couple of years."

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To order to meet the grumbling deadline for 1979 tax returns, Charest was forced



Charest wants to talk about getting it

has been so difficult during the industry period in the U.S. while the housing market has boomed.

Despite these criticisms, most observers are less prepared for change in the U.S. than in Canada. Once you introduce it, it will go on year after year, says Peter A. Canadian economist. It is a decade for any politician here to talk about ending it. As Jerry Carter, head of Carter International during the 1976 election campaign, said: "I might consider changing the law as part of his tax-inflation package. There was no reason for Carter and I to talk about the idea. As president, he has made no effort to support with it and Americans continue to use it as a mortgage."

Joe Esposito





Ottawa

The grounding of Mackasey

Byron Mackasey seemed almost cheerful, although he had just been dumped by the Conservatives from his \$900K-a-year job as chairman of Air Canada. The former Liberal cabinet minister was seen again at centre stage—and on every news-out-dominating—even the harrowing accounts of the fatal-dead emergency landing in Boston of an Air Canada DC-8 which blew a tail cone, and the subsequent grounding of eight other planes because of cracks in their rear fuselages. Mackasey allowed that he was "relaxed" and "never better," with a recent clean bill of health for old heart problems which allowed him to throw "every pill out of the medicine cabinet."

At 47, that suggested that the 56-year-old perpetual campaigner was entering up for a re-entry to the political arena, and hints that he is interested in Pierre Trudeau's job if the Liberal leader steps down. Mackasey even indirectly addressed reported references last week to his drinking habits, volunteering that under large doses of beer, "the next and you're in trouble."

But the clearest sign of all that the old antennae were still at work was Mackasey's refusal to jump when he was shown. The heavy was Transport Minister Jean Marchais who, over a private dinner with Mackasey, seemed him of the intention to transmit the airline's board to ask for Mackasey's resignation. The next day, Mackasey refused to quit, so the government agreed an order that sacked Mackasey's predecessor, Pierre Trudeau, to the part-time post. The hint is that it may give civil taxpayers upward of

\$900,000 to buy off Mackasey's special management contract to satisfy the Tory cry for red Liberalism.

Mackasey was the first person to recognize what, after years of loyalty to Pierre Trudeau, he got for Air Canada, reward last December in the dying days of the regime after a by-election defeat in Ottawa—a blatant piece of patronage which even seemed may Liberals. "I would never do," he allowed, "that I was appreciated because I was a political figure." He just wanted the Conservatives to use my publicly that's why he got the best—preferably in a court of law. With tongue in cheek, Mackasey gave the Tories "credit for setting new standards, you must not be satisfied by affiliation with any political party."

Robert Lewis

"As an important department last week, Pierre Trudeau is a very important man in the history of the Liberal government, including such as strongly minister of energy and justice, resigned because of policy disagreements with the government and the fact that the Canadian tradition of democratic government is being developed by the Conservatives."

The Yukon

Santa Claus is coming to town

A musing and largely justified complaint among residents of the Yukon and Northwest Territories used to be that their governments were down south in Ottawa don't come a-calling more often. When National Revenue Minister Walter Blyden touched down in Whitehorse early last month, Yukoners

Mackasey: satisfying the cry for blood

had double cause for celebration. Along with his portfolio and his influence as president of the Privy Council, Blyden bore gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh—in the form of an announcement that the new Conservative government intended to give to the territory a significantly larger share than it had expected of the tax bonanza from the Alaska Highway natural gas pipeline.

Property taxes from the Foothills Pipe Lines Ltd. right-of-way will amount to nearly \$1 billion over the 30-year life of the project and almost all of the windfall would have disappeared into the Yukon's general revenues if the plan approved by the former Liberal government had been followed. The Yukon currently gets \$80 million a year in deficit grants from Ottawa because territorial tax revenues fall short of expenditures. If directed to general revenues, the pipeline taxes would have been almost entirely swallowed up to offset that deficit—and to pay for the increased expenditures that will force the territory as a result of the \$10-billion pipeline. The Liberals had agreed to exempt only the first \$50 million of pipeline taxes for the Yukon to set up a heritage fund, modelled on Alberta's, but Yukon government leader Chris Pearson now hopes for 30 times that amount—or half the total taxes—in be accepted by the Conservatives.

Pearson plans to use the half-billion

Pearson (standing) and Blyden: new partners



The little engines that can't

Since it was completed in 1930, following the historic Klondike gold rush in 1896, the White Pass and Yukon Route has been the backbone of the Yukon's transportation system. But today the 130-km narrow-gauge railway, which runs from the Alaskan port of Skagway through the coastal mountains to Whitehorse, is heavily loaded. Mining on track. A series of detourments, increased competition from trucking lines and the loss of two more-head conflicts have all contributed to a generally tarnished public image and a bleak financial picture.

White Pass bought from Anglo American Corp. by Federal Industries Ltd. of Winnipeg in 1975 has threatened to close down the railway if it cannot find a not-for-profit local government solution. The response from Whitehorse and Yukon has so far been only former Indian Affairs and Northern Development minister Hugh Pearson, barely released to lead out the company and rebuffed White Pass and Yukon Corporation Ltd. for requesting the transfer of its problems to come from the public purse in 1976 and 1977. "The Yukon government was equally unresponsive when White Pass asked for the nearly completed road link between Whitehorse and Skagway to be kept open during the winter months so that the company could connect to a trucking company," Yukon government leader Chris Pearson last December White Pass, the kind of corporate claim the Yukon doesn't need—and accuses the present company of making the railway's assets and ripping off Yukoners.

to set up two government funds. About 25 per cent of the extra revenue would be used to fund cultural activities, but the bulk of the money would go to establish a proposed Yukon development corporation in which the public would participate directly through a share scheme along the lines adopted by the recently formed British Columbia Resources Development Corporation. As with shares of a Yukon corporation, Pearson would eventually be traded on the open market. Pearson wants the government to assume the largest single shareholder so it can use the corporation as a lever to divert and encourage various segments of the Yukon economy.

Pipeline taxes will not be the only source of funds for the proposed corporation. Pearson also hopes to speed the long-overdue transfer of power-generation responsibilities from the federal government, the Northern Canadian Power Commission, to territorial control. Creation of a Yukon hydro commission would allow the Yukon govern-

ment at White Pass, another old case. Federal industries bought the railway, de working capital has dropped from \$2.2 million to \$200,000 and de annual earnings fell from \$2.6 million in 1972 to a six-month loss of \$48,000 in 1975. Yet, at the end of that period, Federal was still paying dividends from White Pass—\$553,000 during the first half of 1976.

In addition to the railway, White Pass operates container ships from Vancouver to Skagway and has an extensive truck fleet which runs out from the railroad in Whitehorse. The company's petroleum division is also profitable, but White Pass executives have repeatedly denied charges that both are shored up on the backs of outside profits. Simply disposing the railway of revenues while adding to the petroleum division's income.

A White Pass dilemma: 'They just up over and we have to put them back again'



ment to use the vast hydroelectric potential in the territory as another means of spawning economic growth.

Pearson's first priority is to find out just how far Ottawa is willing to go—like how not specific—in continuing its deficit grants to the Yukon so that the territory can use pipeline taxes to set up its development corporation. Pearson also wants Ottawa to agree enough money to get the corporation established before pipeline construction begins. Although he leads a majority Conservative government in the Yukon legislature, Pearson is aware that the current antagonism between Whitehorse and Ottawa may not go on forever. But, after years of building the federal Liberals, the Yukon government has suddenly found a sympathetic ear in Indian and Northern Affairs Minister John Gummer and a powerful ally in Eugene Nelson, the Yukon's MP for the past 22 years, who has spent most of his time in

New Conservative Indian Affairs and Northern Development Minister John Gummer during a visit to the Yukon in August that he would throw White Pass's problems. But that any federal aid would have little of strings attached. Pearson would like to see the Yukon government involved in the railway. It may be a long-term target for the proposed Yukon development corporation (see main story) just as the newly formed British Columbia Resources Development Corporation is rumored to be covering the giant forestry firm of MacMillan Bloedel Ltd.

As for White Pass, its executives are keeping quiet about the future. And the company's spokesman insists about almost about the news of accidents. One development had winter was blown on "a truck" and another drew the following explanation. "They [the engine] just got lost and we have to pick them up and put them back again."

Paul Koring

Ottawa is a member of the Opposition. Creating a Yukon development corporation might also provide a solution to the financial problems of the White Pass and Yukon Route railway (see box). Pearson won't reveal his government's plans, but a well-heeled development corporation will be looking for investment. Pearson and transportation are clearly important to the strengthening of the Yukon economy.

A Yukon development corporation would also allow the government to direct the economy of the territory by "participation, not just production," says Pearson. However, whether a government-controlled corporation will attract the wide and positive response that the launching of fact: has in B.C. remains unclear. At least one investment analyst believes private investors will willingly take the chance if the Yukon government retains controlling interest.

Paul Koring

The postman always screams twice

15 years of pounding a Winnipeg mail route, Johnny Williams has been bitten five times by dogs—and considers himself lucky. Six weeks ago, his colleague almost lost his testicles when attacked by a dog. Other mailmen have been off work for as long as two weeks, thanks to attacks that view officers with ferocious hatred. In 1978, 30 Winnipeg postmen were clamped by assorted dogs, not to mention the countless injuries suffered by mailmen, meter-readers, and mailmen's uniformed officials who may have found themselves in the jaws of demons.

Offending dog-owners are liable for lost wages and torn uniforms when the costs exceed \$100. The problem is to find the owner and enforce the law. Par-defences, the postmen have access to pepper spray and high-powered, electronic devices that jar a dog's nerves. Neither weapon does much to lower the casualty list. Says Johnny Williams: "We need serious enforcement of by-laws and severe fines for owners. I like dogs, but a dog that would kill a dog or, for five reasons might kill. High-powered, electronic weapons are fine but I can't hear if it's working and you get nervous wondering if the attacking dog will stop."

Postmen aren't the only ones concerned about Winnipeg's exploding dog population. After years of hearing complaints about dog droppings, city council last fall appointed a two-man committee to review existing dog by-laws and develop a new policy with real teeth. Last spring, Councillors Don Gernie and Rex Neudman invited submissions from all over but the postmen didn't respond until July.

The proposed new policy calls for fines of up to \$500 for owners who refuse to clean up after their dogs but it's unlikely they would be able to protect mailmen's testicles. Fines and enforcement will be tougher somewhat—a biting dog's owner would pay \$50 for a first offence—however, they won't be strong enough to please everyone.

"Dear me, we forgot about the mailmen but I don't see how we can help," says Gernie, whose son owns a Doberman and who frankly admits that tears come to his eyes when he sees dogs in the postmen's eyes. 91 per cent of those captured are unlicensed and 66 per cent of them are destroyed. Says Councillor Neudman: "I've never heard of a problem with mailmen. The new by-law wouldn't deal with them." That's if the proposed by-law is ever approved.

Bob Carvingh, health and safety of-



Witnesses of dog nothing to write home about

door for the post office, says the latter. Carvingh's Union (Local 7) is highly concerned and that the post office intends to press for stricter enforcement and offer penalties for owners of dogs that bite when Winnipeg's finance committee debates the by-law next week. Ellen Gernie admits that most offending dogs are long dead before prosecutions under the present policy get to court. Says Gernie: "We'll defend our suggestions every inch but you can expect a dog-fight. Most dog-owners now are quite responsible. It's just a few that give the others a bad name. I think just the threat of severe penalties has had its effect." Johnny Williams and his colleagues don't think that's anything to write home about.

Peter Carlyle-Gordge

Ontario

Gearing up for a countdown

Shades of the Cold War, battles to the Kremlin and high-flying spy planes. Elsie Floody, a London, Ontario, librarian, thought she had been caught in a time warp the day two young students working their manners

for the public works department arrived unannounced to measure her library's basement for a fallout shelter. Fallout shelter? "Mind boggling," says Floody, recalling the scene, as her two visitors ignored their false measuring tape and shuffled their feet sheepishly, looking for all the world like a couple of firefighters arriving about 30 years late for the blaze.

Floody sent the pair down to the library basement—"think, by the way, is riddled with large windows"—then rushed to the phone to call the federal works department. Assured that the project was for real, she wandered off in the car of a local public works official. "I told him this was the biggest waste of public money I'd ever seen. He just smiled and said, 'Well, madam, we're only ensuring your future.'"

Floody had found herself smack in the middle of a phase of the federal government's National Shelter Plan, a program that since the mid-1960s has been quietly evaluating and measuring space in large public and private buildings—but not private homes—for possible use as mass shelters from the deadly radioactive particles that would rain down in the event of a nuclear war. The program's purpose, says Kim Farrell, director of Emergency Preparedness in Public Works, is "to save lives and reduce casualties in the event of a nuclear exchange involving Canadians." He hastens to add that this has nothing to do with nuclear scientists involving power stations of the Three Mile Island variety—the so-called detection of a nuclear disaster. "That's quite a different problem."

Librarian Floody (right) and Subira Huthier (left) determine how many bodies will fit where



the shelter program, says Farrell, is "strictly an insurance policy," one of more co-ordinated by Emergency Planning Canada. Others include plans for gas poisoning, riot insurance, natural disasters and defence operations such as the Baylab clean-up.

This past summer, the government employed 140 students to complete work on some 10,000 Ontario buildings, measuring floors deemed in earlier surveys to be safe for use as public shelters. After it has been determined how many bodies will fit where, a Provisional Master Shelter Plan will be drawn up, then Community Shelter Plans, mapping out which buildings people should head for in the event of a war.

Floody still thinks the scheme is silly. "There'll be nothing to come back to BC to make the tornado over Woodstock look like a picnic." But the measuring continues. Provincial Shelter Plans for the Atlantic and Prairie provinces are in place. Ontario's work is wrapping up. Only British Columbia and Quebec remain out in the cold.

For anyone who believes that concern about a nuclear war went the way of the Hula-Hoop, Farrell has news. The threat has not diminished. If anything, it has increased in the last two years with the tremor-dread building of nuclear arms by the Soviets—"far beyond their needs." And as international defence experts view about the shift in the arms balance over the past decade, Floody remains unconvinced. Holding a 1961 brochure Farrell sent her, called Survival in a Nuclear War, Quarrens and de Vries, she says, "I just can't imagine people jumping into their cars and searching the streets for the Croch branch of the London police theory."

Cheryl Hawkins



Newfoundland

Practising law without a net

Lawyer William Smallwood spent most of the long, dry summer preparing for what may be his most important court case. However, his efforts were foisted with Smallwood—rather it is St. John's lawyer's own career that is at issue. Last April, the son of former premier Joe Smallwood was told by the Newfoundland Law Society that his certificate to practice was being revoked because Bill Smallwood, 51, refused to pay the required premium for malpractice insurance.

Smallwood's problems began when the law society decided, in 1978, to institute an insurance scheme for its members. Under the plan, Newfoundland lawyers have \$100,000 liability coverage against damage suits for what law society Secretary Frank Fowler describes as "the results of any innocent but negligent act." Fowler says, "The law is a bit of a lot more complicated than it was 20 years ago. And the majority of lawyers before the bar in Canada have less than 10 years' experience. Mistakes can happen." Smallwood claims the insurance premium is required because too many lawyers can't on their jobs and need liability protection. "The insurance program doesn't do anything for the law society," he says. "Why do they want to force the lawyers to insure themselves? Maybe they've come to the conclusion, and rightly so, that half of

them are not fit to be lawyers."

Smallwood insists that the money does not bother him. The insurance costs only Newfoundland lawyer \$655 per year, about and beyond the law society's fees of \$150 to practice. When the law society revoked his certificate, he filed two suits in Newfoundland Supreme Court, one seeking damages for lost income and the other petitioning for a writ of mandamus, to force the society to re-install him before the bar. The law society took its time to react and filed its defence deposition only at the last possible minute. The case is not likely to be heard for some months yet. In the meantime, Smallwood continues to be law positive and is advertising out-of-pocket legal fees. A direct confrontation over his revoked certificate was avoided with an interim court decision that if he put up the insurance money in trust, until a final outcome, the Law Society would issue him a certificate.

If Smallwood wins his case the decision will throw the insurance scheme into chaos because no lawyer will be required to pay the premiums and the group policy program will likely collapse, leaving those who do want insurance to fend for themselves. If he loses, however, he guarantees that the fight will not end, vowing to take the case to the Supreme Court of Canada. That would give the Canadian legal establishment a good deal of publicity—possibly to show it does not stand down—especially in view of the conflicts in recent years between the strict professional rules of the legal profession's governing bodies and the ideas of the federal Bureau of Competition Policy. That may have started for the time being, the law society's investigation of Smallwood's professional advertising campaign. Fowler explains: "The law on advertising is in conflict, nationally. The code of ethics of the Canadian Bar Association discourages ads, but lawyers generally have no real choice, other than simply to let the public know who is practicing where. But the Competition Investigation Act encourages advertising. Under the law we will, in effect, have to advertise. So what we've got to do is to establish standards for our advertising."

Similarly, because of the competition policy bureau's interest in what it perceives as a possible monopoly situation, the law society's fee structure, which were once rigid, are now only a suggested scale, and Smallwood has charged his advertised one-third of regular rates—and continues to be required practice until the decisions that will ultimately lay down the law for lawyers are reached. Robert Pluckin



World

The PLO mounts a briefcase offensive

By James Fleming

Supporting his trademark, a black-and-white checked kaffiyeh, he was received at Madrid's Barajas Airport and some of the toughest security measures ever seen, then whisked to the plush Iltis Hotel only a hand grenade's throw away from the Prado Museum. But there was no time for tightening this trip for Yasser Arafat, head of the Palestine Liberation Organisation (PLO). Deftly trading his gun for a briefcase, he had come to push the Palestinian cause with Spanish premier Abelgala Suarez. It was Arafat's second meeting with a European head of state in three months (his foreign minister, Fatah Khatib, has also been on the stump) and another milestone in a major diplomatic offensive which—coinciding with exhausted competition for Arab oil in Europe and the U.S.—has given Palestinians claims for legitimacy a new priority on the world stage.

What's more, the process, which began in July when Arafat met in Vienna

with Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky and former West German chancellor Willy Brandt, now head of the Socialist International, is expected to gain new impetus in the United Nations this week. Arafat's has learned that Irish Foreign Minister Michael O'Keefe, speaking on behalf of the European Community (EC), plans to appear before the General Assembly for a Palestinian presence at the current talks between Egypt and Israel on Palestinian "autonomy" in the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip.



The initiative by the PLO was opened at the Dublin meeting of its foreign ministers on Sept. 11, when a private agreement was reached that the organisation should go beyond its vaguely worded support of Palestinian rights but stop short of calling for self-determination or recognition of the PLO.

Its officials were adamant that Arab pressure or aid considerations had not weighed in the ministers' decision. Said one: "What swayed us was the anti-Israeli mood that has sprung up in Europe over Tel Aviv's refusal to come to terms with the Palestinian problem. Nevertheless, it was admitted that fears of an oil embargo were never far from Europe's mind. The contrary's hope, the official added, was that "we still favour the Palestinians who shake the Israeli axis realising that they can't have it all their way."

Whatever the reason, Arafat has seen West Germany and the Netherlands, Israel's staunchest allies in Europe, recently come out in favor of Palestinian self-determination. And, at the end of October, he is likely to reap even further reward, when the Socialist International meets in Lisbon. Austria's Kreisky is expected to recommend that the PLO be given observer status at the meeting of 44 social democratic parties, as well as to spearhead a push for PLO recognition within the organisation.

Meanwhile, across the Atlantic, across in Washington cancelled last week that President Jimmy Carter's administration, with the spectre of oil shortages ever present, had also been pressuring the Israelis to get the Palestinians involved in the autonomy talks. Carter's national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, told the World Jewish Congress in New York last week that "the time is fast approaching when the Palestinians should enter the autonomy negotiations" and that Israel "must be prepared to accept legitimate Palestinian rights." Brzezinski didn't mention the PLO but the Carter administration is keenly aware that Palestinian involvement without it is next to impossible.

The travels of Arafat, with Suarez in Madrid (below), with Kreisky and Brandt in Vienna: Europe's "united front" record



That broad tent was only one of the signs of strain in the administration's relations with Israel. Prime Minister Menachem Begin's government announced its intention of allowing private purchases of land on the West Bank, drawing a sharp rebuke from Washington. And while official spokesmen in Israel were underlining Begin's resolve never to talk to the PLO "hardcore," an engaged Bar Weiss, the country's defense minister, was involved in a slanging match at a Washington party with Assistant Secretary of State Harold Schwarzer. The U.S., he said, was turning Israel into the pariah of the Middle East.

By the end of the week a showdown seemed very close. The U.S., with half its oil supplies coming from abroad and a growing black lobby in favor of transference at home, could not afford just to let the situation rot itself out. And the Begin government, with the PLO on its doorstep (it has still not formally agreed to recognize Israel's right to exist), maintained it could not afford to give in. In fact, the crunch could well come at the United Nations this fall. Arafat and his strategists were reported last week to be discussing the possibility of reconvening the Security Council session on Palestinian rights—it was technically long open after the Andrew Young affair—and seeking a vote on a favorable resolution. This would force the U.S. either to make Israel for the line or to veto the resolution, which would do incalculable damage to its relations with the moderate Arab states, and leave the PLO to complete an almost diplomatic power vacuum. PLO supporters could then call an emergency session of the General Assembly, where no vetoes apply and resolutions require only a two-thirds majority, and not only get their resolution passed but, possibly, avert the expulsion of Israel from the United Nations.

With Gile, from David Baird in Madrid, Peter Lewis in Brussels, Ian Urquhart in Washington

Sweden

Right-centre survival in a no-issues election

The single message from the Swedish post office was all but lost among the garish election posters and bold ads of the country's half dozen or more political parties. But last week the slogan "A better means to reach" took on new significance as 40,000 votes posted at the last minute on election day snatched a one-seat victory from the group of the opposition left-wing Social Democrats and their Communist partners and handed it over to the ruling centre-right-wing grouping.

The hour's-breath victory of the winning bloc, made up of the Conserva-

tive, Centre and Liberal parties, reflected the confusion prevailing Swedish politics. In fact, there were no clear-cut issues on which the voters could base their choice. The two major controversies in Swedish politics—the future of nuclear energy and the Social Democrats' plan for union control of industry (50 per cent of which is privately owned)—were swept under the rug. The nuclear issue until a referendum next March and the unpopular control of industry proposal until 1991.

From: next, back to nuclear power?



The laird's will be done

The island of Skye, renowned in history as the romantic mountainous refuge of Bonnie Prince Charlie, lies more than 600 miles to the north of the British Hebrides of Pictland. It is a different world. The rare golden eagle still soars above the glassy red deer roams the heather—and traditional landowners in kilts and sporrans still occasionally comb the old lights over their subjects, as Dennis Booth has discovered.

Stonemason Booth was all set to expand his business by buying a source shop at the picturesque water-side Skye village of Annisdale, a beautiful haven of summer visitors the already owned one shop on the mainland had just agreed a selling price of \$35,000 with the owner.

So much for laid houses. Three days before the sale was due to be completed, it stopped. 52-year-old, Eton-educated, heady James Macdonald, eighth Baron and Chief of the Name and Arms of Macdonald with the proprietary instinctive that the shop must be sold to him. Macdonald, known locally as the Macdonald of Macdonald, made him feel under an ancient Scottish feudal system of his jurisdiction which gives a landowner the first right to buy any property put up for sale by his vassals.

Neither Booth nor the shop's previous owner had even considered the possibility



of feudal interference. But the right of protection is well known in many parts of Scotland. It is believed on the grounds that in times past when the price of land in Britain was beyond the means of ordinary people, Scottish landowners gave their subjects pieces of land on which to build a house in return for an annual fee paid in kind—and the right to buy the land if it were ever put up for sale.

"I feel it quite wrong that such a decision should take place in accordance with the realising and selling arrangements," said Booth. "It belongs to the times when a lord had a right to a tenant's wife. But it seems to me a nothing to do about it."

Ironically, or perhaps not, so apologetically the Macdonald of Macdonald is no longer the all powerful Scottish landowner that

his family coat of arms, two separate rampant lions, the Gaelic words "Franch Eile"—The Hebridean Isle. I would imply it had, both were in hand when his father died in 1970 that almost all his estates were put into a trust run by wealthy American Macdonalds, as a spiritual homeland for the worldwide Clan Macdonald.

Today the family seat, Annisdale Castle, is little more than a ruin and all the family trees in it held in wood and two hotels. Unfortunately for Dennis Booth, the souvenir shop is in the Macdonalds' hand. He wanted to buy earlier, but didn't have the money, said Macdonald's wife, Gloria, a naval captain's daughter. "I don't think my family has ever used the right before, but the old shop will go well with the hotel."

Ian Mather

And, in their preoccupation for the rapidly worsening economy (a report issued last week forecast a 10-per-cent inflation rate and a current account deficit of \$4 billion by next year), the great ideas offered only over the last few years. Both sides remain committed to expanding the Western world's most generous welfare state, which features such perks as free university education, universal medical care and whopping children's and living allowances. Indeed, outgoing Labour Prime Minister Ole Ullsten was accused of being more socialist than the Socialists.

In the general job, therefore, any parties which come close to sinking a clearly defined party were bound to gain votes. These turned out to be the right-wing Conservative Party, which increased its share of the vote from 15.4 per cent to 20.4 per cent, and, at the other end of the spectrum, the Communists, whose share rose from 4.5 per cent to 5.9 per cent. For both parties it was the most successful election in 50 years.

The real losers were Thorgeir Fridtjofsen's Centre Party, which shed a quarter of the votes it attracted in the 1975 election, and Olof Palme's Social Democrats, the backbone of the left-wing coalition that governed for 44 years until

1976. Although they gained a few percentage points (and saw how 49.5 per cent of the vote they were still unable to form a government).

This was the fourth election in a row in which Palme has failed to lead the Social Democrats to an overall majority, and post-election speculation had it that the loss, however marginal, might spell the end of his career at the head of the party. Unless, of course, he can wrest power from the neo-socialists before the next party contest in 1980.

In fact, however, he may well have a chance to do so, since the centre-right majority is so small. And there is also the question of the referendum on nuclear energy, which is considered more important for Sweden's future than the election itself. (But no major budgetary or taxation measures can be taken until a choice is made between the cheaper nuclear route or reliance on imported oil.)

Chances are that the country's nuclear program will be given the go-ahead (polls indicate a reversal of 1976 trends, with two-thirds of Swedes now favoring it). But that is by no means certain. And, in the event of rejection, Fridtjofsen's Centre Party, which has led the

anti-nuclear campaign, might consider it had to quit his pro-nuclear partners (if the new government, expected to be headed either by Fridtjofsen or Ullsten), thereby precipitating earlier elections.

Roger Kippel/James Fleming

The U.K.

And things can only get worse

Snow fell unseasonably early on the hills of Scotland last week, as if to emphasize that Britain's winter of darkness is already well ahead of schedule. Usually the turn of the year is the time for union leaders to press their pay claims. But this year, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has already forced herself preaching over a country gripped by a major industrial crisis.

Most serious of all was the swift toward total collapse in the vital engineering industry. In pursuit of slates for higher pay and shorter hours, union leaders have launched a weekly series of crippling two-day strikes and the same sort of crisis has only been heightened by a strike of television technicians which

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has blacked out commercial TV for six weeks.

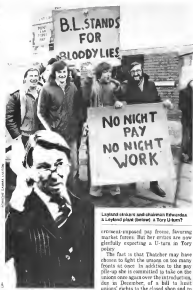
The engineering strike took a substantial snap for the week last week when Rolls-Royce Ltd., which makes the esteemed 50113 surplus engine, responded to the stoppages by locking out its 30,000 workers. Handmade travel to scramble over factory walls to stage a work-in and, at one Rolls-Royce factory just north of London, they broke down the gates. But the attempt failed out when the men reached the benches—all power had been cut off. "You can't have work-in in a Rolls-Royce aero-engine factory," said an official. "They're suing for city halls, but how would you like to fly in an aircraft whose engine were built during a sit-out?"

Rolls-Royce shut its gates despite the fact that most of its workers voted against the two-day strikes (but were overruled in a nationwide union poll of 100,000 engineering workers). In a statement justifying its decision, the company said that although the stoppages were limited to two days a week (Wednesdays and Thursdays) Wednesdays were like the first day back after the annual holidays and production had fallen by 70 per cent.

Nationally, the engineers are demanding a real wage of £800 for a working week reduced from 48 hours to 38. The employers have offered £775 and no cut in hours. Talks finally collapsed last Wednesday, with no immediate prospect of their resumption. In all, 6,200 engineering companies are affected, and engineering bosses have warned that the strikes are costing £900 million a week in lost or delayed orders—enough money to pay Britain's entire food bill each week.

Among silver major casualties are the state-owned British Aerospace and British Leyland Ltd., the ailing motor giant, which is beset by troubles. Glaxo last week expected a streamlining plan, produced by Leyland boss Sir Michael Edwards, which would involve the loss of 25,000 of the company's 100,000 jobs, and followed up by shipping in a 26 per cent pay claim.

Moreover, with inflation running at



Leyland strikers and chairman Edwards & Leyland plant (center), a Tory U-turn?

employment-based pay freeze, covering market forces. But his critics are angrily rejecting a U-turn in Tory policy.

The fact is that Thatcher may have chosen to light the fuse on too many fronts at once. In addition to the pay plea-she is committed to take on the unions once again over the introduction, due in December, of a bill to limit union rights to the closed shop and to picket times not involved in their dispute. The betting therefore is—an last week's fall in the pound shod— that something, somewhere, will have to give.

Ian Mather



U.S.A.

A hard week on the stump for Jimmy

By Catherine Fox

By the time Rosslyn Carter gets to the airport in Tampa, Florida, her voice has started to tremble. It's only the second of five stops but she has already had several questions about Senator Edward Kennedy's presidential plans and she doesn't want to talk about his. She's here to talk about "Jimmy" and that's just what she tries to do. "Jimmy is not a candidate. He's the president. There are so many things to be done in this country and Jimmy's the best person to do them."

But the questions persist about Kennedy's "pro-war support"—especially in Florida. "I don't find that," Mrs. Carter says. The opposition seems to fire her up, though, and a few minutes later she delivers a rousing speech at a Carter-Mondale campaign fund-raising reception.

Tampa, Orlando, West Palm Beach, Jacksonville—that was her itinerary last week in Florida. Although Carter has not declared his candidacy, his election campaign is already hard at work trying to drum up support among "the party faithful" and band of those who are slipping away to Kennedy. But it is a hard week to be on the stump for the president. He has been forced to take a serious step toward acknowledging Kennedy's potential by ordering his civil secret service protection provided for all presidential candidates as a result of an increased number of threats and his congressional relations are a shambles.

The energy legislation is making little progress (see page 34), the House defers his on the Panama Canal Treaty. Projecting a bill to implement the treaty and the Senate ignores his plea to hold down defense spending (voting for a five-per-cent increase instead of the three per cent he had requested). An enraged Carter privately warns congressmen "I'll be damned if I'll send my wife into your district for a fund-raiser. We believe in rewarding our friends and punishing our enemies."

There are both friends and enemies in Florida, but for the moment, Rosslyn is concerned only with wooing. Next month the Democratic party convenes a caucus to select their delegates for November's party convention whose mem-

bers hold a straw vote. While the outcome has no official bearing on the presidential election—actually still 14 months away—an early Kennedy victory could influence later, more significant party decisions.

Then there's the state's primary election next March. "We have a lot of powerful people to be here and we might have to build a lot to win," says Carter's national campaign manager, Ross DeBelle. It looks like an accurate assessment. In 1976, Carter won Florida with only 35 per cent of the vote against George Wallace, who was on the ticket. This time he is being met head-on by an enthusiastic and growing draft Kennedy movement.

So Rosslyn's trip is only one of at least 20 that will be made by White House family, staff and celebrity supporters before the state convention. Vice President Walter Mondale spent the Florida winter convention last week and see Chip and Noodle that night. Senator Robert Strauss arrived soon. But as an elderly lady at a West Palm Beach campaign breakfast and "Rosslyn's the best thing he's got going for him."

Rosslyn campaigning in Tampa, Florida, rewarding friends, punishing enemies



Golf? she rarely is. Last week's trip begins in Columbia where, dressed in a flattering pale aqua dress, she charms the South Carolinians with praise of their state, but never misses a chance to put in a good word for her husband. She also drops the only real news of the trip: Carter has decided the date to announce his candidacy—"After this fall."

Tampa is a greater challenge. The blacks there (and indeed in the country as a whole) may turn to Kennedy, who is seen to favor more beneficial government spending programs for the poor. The weather is hot and muggy, but Rosslyn remains cool. Her speech is lively, the crowd loves it and within four hours she's on her way to Orlando where she can relax. Orlando is Carter country.

Next morning she makes a brief appearance in West Palm Beach where Ross Kennedy, the senator's mother, spends a great deal of time. But the response there—merely polite—is forgotten when she arrives in Jacksonville for a one pre-day. The street outside it is packed with thousands of white letters reading: WELCOME MRS. LAOY. There are four marching bands, more than 5,000 people waving tiny American flags, two local beauty queens—Miss Jacksonville and America's Senior Star—to greet her.

Flying back on the official White House airplane, Rosslyn is asked if she ever tires of the handshaking, the politeness and, above all, the criticism of her husband. She laughs softly and says "You know the old saying, 'If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen.' It is clear that she has no intention of doing any such thing."

A pas de deux after the curtain

As always it was an arduous triumph. Throughout the month-long tour—three cities, some 1,000 miles—audiences rose to the stars' prowess and the classical grace of the male and female dancers. But as they counted up the box-office takings on the way home last week, the directors of Moscow's Bolshoi Ballet had to balance the account with what, by any standards, was a political disaster.

Hardly was the company's final performance over than 38-year-old Leonid Koslov and his 26-year-old wife, Valentina, headed for a Los Angeles police station instead of their hotel. By the time red-faced Soviet officials confirmed their departure, following a frantic head-on, the Koslovs had already been granted political asylum.

That brought the total defections during the tour to three. Fellow Bolshoi star Alexander Gerasimov opted out in New York three weeks earlier, a move that led to a dramatic (and embarrassing) three-day standoff at Kennedy Airport when American officials insisted on a face-to-face meeting with the dancer's wife, ballerina Ladaia Vlas-



AP Wirephoto

nova, to determine whether her husband is to return to Moscow had been defected voluntarily.

Although immigration officials reported the Koslovs were "extremely apologetic, very tense and nervous," there were indications that their decision had not been made on the spur of the moment. A few days earlier, Leonid had sent a favorable pair of ballet shoes to an American admirer—presumably to inform them later. And the couple has ques-

The Koslovs on tour in Hamilton, Ontario, the number of colleges and defections

tioned friends on such matters of American life as the price of that Soviet staple, the cabbage.

If the experience of previous Soviet dancers who have defected to the West holds true, however, the Koslovs will be able to afford a much richer diet. North



Long: even more unpopular than Carter

seems, committed one energy department official that no one inside the president.

But at least the rationing legislation is to be approved. The three other major bills set off bogged down in the congressional arena. A roundup.

■ **Wendell profits tax.** To compensate for disregarding the price of crude oil and natural gas, Carter has proposed a special tax on the leasing, drilling, sale to petroleum companies. The law would raise an estimated \$142 billion over 10 years to be spent on the development of new sources of energy, expansion of mass transit and programs for low-income groups to offset higher fuel prices. The House approved the measure last week. Carter proposed it. The Senate moving money out of the House's pocket. Carter proposed it. The Senate moving money out of the House's pocket. Carter proposed it. The Senate moving money out of the House's pocket.

■ **Energy Security Corporation.** Carter proposed establishing a Public Canada-style corporation that would invest in such synthetic-fuel projects as producing gas from coal and the processing of oil shale to produce fuel. The Senate energy committee, which is due to deal with the subject this week, is more sympathetic to Carter's proposal. But it wants a second down payment with an added budget of no more than \$30 billion. Carter, in an effort to salvage something, has agreed to the compromise.

America is experiencing an unprecedented growth of interest in ballet, and Soviet defectors have found themselves instant superstars.

Radaf Skuraev, whose 1981 leap from Leningrad's Kirov Ballet set the current fashion in departures, has blossomed into a cult hero whose appeal extends well beyond balletomanes. Kirov prima ballerina Katalyn Makarova, who followed in 1978, has also made a good career, while the Leningrad ballet's most promising young male dancer, Mikhail Baryshnikov (he defected in 1974), was well enough thought of to be sent as a U.S. cultural ambassador recently to all of his places, China.

Until this summer, however, all the renegades had come from the Kirov. The Bolshoi, bastion of the Soviet artistic expression, remained untarnished. Lately, however, it has been split by a bitter internal quarrel, pitting dancers who favor a more modern repertoire against those who advocate rigid adherence to the classics. Younger members of the Bolshoi are known to be particularly nervous.

Indeed, the Koslovs, in what has now become a familiar explanation for defection, did not share their entire experience with new ballet. But incidents of the dance reveal that most of the Soviet dancers stick fairly rigidly to traditional roles—the lack of adventure sweetened no doubt by the ease of their paychecks.

Mike Christopher

■ **Energy Mobilization Board.** Frustrated by the red tape hindering so important energy projects, Carter proposed a board that would be empowered to hurry up the regulatory process. The Senate energy committee and House Interior committee agreed to the proposal, but the House commerce committee went even further, recommending a board with power to override health and environmental laws. The difference has yet to be reconciled.

In a bid to break the energy logjam, Carter has been making scenes of compromise to the White House for months. Less he has also been bringing messages directly to the people in speeches and town meetings. But just as many Canadians refuse to believe there is a constitutional crisis in their country, many Americans cling to the belief that the energy crisis is a myth. And without public pressure, Congress is more susceptible to the appeal of interest lobbies.

Carter's low standing in the polls has made it more difficult for him to get his way. Because congressional leaders will now feel at a time that president can be evaded. The only reason for him is the knowledge that the Senate will show the people their own lack of Congress than they do of the presidency.

Lee Ungarhart

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Four years ago singer Kasey Rogers found his life "in shreds." His third marriage had broken up, his group **The Fifth Season** was splitting up and Rogers could see the whole kit and caboodle disintegrating into "nothing." Enter wife No. 4, Marianna Gordon, 34, who is a regular on the hit syndicated TV show *Blue Heir*. According to Rogers, Marianna helped him gain a new perspective on his life and after that all of his records tumbled into platinum platters. At 41, the honey-voiced-gravel-voiced millionaire claims he is working so hard that he can afford Marianna "house security" on their old age but, with \$500 bookings this year, a spaced appearance on *The Muppet Show*, a TV special and Kasey Rogers Day in Los Angeles to look forward to, Rogers wouldn't seem to have much time for marriage. In fact, he says their privacy is sometimes restricted to travel between engagements in one of his two airplanes. Between telenovelas, lendings and singing *Lambda*, Rogers plans to star in a film based on his hit song *The Goodbye*. He will play a 65-year-old, non-singing cornball singer and no one is sure yet how it will work out. As Rogers admitted to *Mo'Ness*, "It's either going to be good or it will be the biggest piece of garbage you ever saw."

Relatives don't always follow in their bloodline's footsteps but it seems that Kasey **Hemingway** has inherited more than her grandfather's (Hemingway) last name. True to the family tradition embellished by novelist Ernest (Papa) Hemingway's boisterous guests, the 24-year-old blonde recently straddled a filly into South America's Amazonian country life in the tropical jungle was not easy for Hemingway, who found herself the first white woman to arrive at the tradi-

ing camp of the Mah-Khi-Indi Indian. "Sleeping in chibichewa [bamboozled] is not dancing at Studio 54," says the no-factor, who had her fabulous Fabergé face ritually painted in mud by female members of the tribe. Now "bored" by spending days in front of the camera, cosmetic promoter Hemingway is working on *King of the Amazon*, a film based on her experience, which was co-scripted by her cousin, Brian Howard Fouché. Hemingway's last film role was as a model who went through a rape scene in the critically lambasted *The Usual Suspects*. Next she wants to portray a character who is "not the blond, meaner and be bussy." Now there's a Hemingway.

As going to **Brooklyn's** a autobiographical, **Russell Glover**, provided the annual cause for the Irish band called **The Boomtown Rats**. A bit seen on the *New Wave* scene, the Rats (as they are lovingly known to their fans) may have some trouble in North America with the release of their latest single, *I Don't Like Mondays*, which has already sold close to one million copies in Britain. The Rats' lead singer, **Bob Geldof**, 26, a comic Irishman who once speed-dialled himself for *Variety*'s late underground newspaper *Crisis Straight*, wrote the song after learning that a 16-year-old girl in San Diego had sprayed a school yard with bullets, wounding eight children and killing two



Hemingway: Following in Papa's footsteps

men, with the explanation, "I don't like Mondays." The girl's family and lawyers have sought to have the record banned, but the Rats wouldn't hear of it. "You can't stop tragedy from being part of the human experience and you can't stop people from writing about it," says Rai Giddick. "The record doesn't exploit the tragic circumstances of the San Diego incident. It is an attempt to understand what happened."

The leager **Prince Charles** returns a husband, the brother has romantic royal grace. Most recently the 39-year-old kingpin-writer has been linked with actress **Susan George**, 28, and brewery heiress **Sabina Cusack**, 24, but the Prince is obviously willing to wait for royal wedding. In the meanwhile, a new side of the house Prince has been unveiled at Windsor Castle as part of an exhibition devoted to royal children through the ages. The Royal Highness' contribution is a story tale, which he wrote 13 years ago for brothers **Prince Andrew** and **Prince Edward**, then 9 and 5. The nation Prince penned the fantasy, *Old Man of Lochmoy*, while he and the brothers were on a voyage to Scotland in the royal yacht *Britannia* and part of it is displayed as written—on four sheets of the yacht's newspaper. According to the story's editor, **St. Hugh Gannon**, Prince Charles' "Twenty



old boy" protagonist is a Scotsman who lives in a cave and has adventures with nature. "The doc things like catching bold of eagles' feet and going for rides in the sky. He's also able to breathe underwater and glow beneath the surface of a lake with the fish," says Sir Hugh. With such an imagination the Prince should have a winning way with children, and the search for Princess Light continues.

When **Cowboy Stevens** was a boy in his hometown of St. John's, Quebec (population, 451), he longed for the bright lights and movie theatres of Montreal. At 11, he began taking the 60-mile trip to money on three times a week and quickly fell into the Montreal creative mafia, then headed by actor/artist **Stephen Lack**. Encouraged by Lack, Stevens soon branched off to Hollywood to study "the Method" with acting coach **Lee Strasberg**. Nov. 22, Stevens has chalked up numerous credits including a 1971 film called *Angels*, which he filmed in Quebec with **Sophia Loren**, however, he is quick to point out that it hasn't been easy. In a made-for-TV movie called *Reveries*, Stevens had to learn to ride a dirt bike and ended up "torned in a pile of dirt." For his latest film, *From Night*, Stevens was transformed into an athlete disco bunny. "I didn't know how to dance before the film, so they brought in a choreographer to work with me for six

Stevens: a dishing-out disco bunny

weeks," explains the would-be **John Travolta**, who soon found himself capable of "fifos and other far-out moves." Next Stevens hopes to move on to a film tentatively called *Cardinals* which should require less strenuous activity. He's scheduled to play a movie director, and all of the action is "in the air and on the water."

The Swinging Shepherd of Canadiana jazz, **Max Kofman**, 50, is having a bad time. In mid-September he recorded an album at the Montreal Jazz Festival and that week his second album of **John Sebastian** Bach tunes will be released. "I've been put down for doing this," he says of the "controversial" nature of Bach to Bach, "but on this album I was able to give the whole length of it. We chose Bach material that would be adaptable to disco, to funk and to straight-ahead gorgeous melodies." Though *Swinging Shepherd* *Blues* came out in 1958, Kofman still plays it at every concert "because the fans expect it, the same way they expect **Tony Bennett** to sing *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*," and he considers it a living affront. Next month Kofman and his quartet begin a tour of Quebec and plan to bring music for an Australian trip in March. Anticipating Kofman whenever he goes will be his 16-year-old daughter **Nadia**, which he bought

Edited by Martha Beaton



Stevens: such guys don't grow on trees



Rogers and Gordon: from shreds to riches

As luck would have it

By Hal Quinn

I was the last weekend of August, the 49th lap of a 300-km Dutch Grand Prix race in Zandvoort, the Netherlands. Gilles Villeneuve was cornering his light and Ferrari 312FA, leaving the number 12, at more than 160 miles per hour. He was trailing Alan Jones in



his Stodd Williams car by seconds and his teammate at Ferrari, Jody Scheckter, by six points in the world driving championship.

Villeneuve, the dramatic 25-year-old daredevil from Bridportville, Quebec, was having a tremendous year. It all began in last year's Canadian Grand Prix at Montreal when he won his first Formula One event. Gilles tasted the champagne again, winning the rain-soaked South Africa Grand Prix last March, and followed that by winning the next race, the U.S. Grand Prix West in Long Beach, California. A little more than a week later, Villeneuve slipped past Mario Andretti and breasted in with his third consecutive checkered flag, winning the "non-championship" Race of Champions in Brands Hatch, England. A disappointing seventh-

place finish followed in Jarama, Spain, but a lucky second at the Austrian 77 on mid-August prompted a media campaign in Italy and his promotion to No. 1 over Scheckter on the Ferrari team.

Villeneuve's ball-bat finish, in competition and practice, had caught the imaginations of the Italian fans and the press. He learned Italian, Scheckter didn't. He is cool but ruthlessly efficient, Scheckter is moody and belligerent. He is popular with the toughest Ferrari team and mechanics, Scheckter is decidedly not. He blazed to a second in Austria, Scheckter allowed Jacques Laffite of France to overtake him on the 54th lap and came third. With the reliable support of the Ferrari team, Villeneuve eclipsed Scheckter in the practice runs, which decide starting positions for the race, as they prepared for the Dutch or-

villeuve's pondering his luck and (below) out on track from an old pickup truck to commemorate to cheeses he never tasted.

the last weekend in August. Yet, "There has never been any question that Jody is the No. 1 driver at Ferrari, it's in the contract," says Villeneuve. "If any team is equipped to have two equal drivers, it is us. Our cars are pretty much the same, it is only that Jody has the backup car. If I am forced to use it I have to wait 30 minutes as the crew puts it in my seat."

All things being equal, Villeneuve was driving like the No. 1 man at Zandvoort. He broke into second place quickly in the race began. Scheckter started poorly and was 10th after one lap. Villeneuve closed after the front-runners, Jones, and finally passed him on the notorious Taurus curve. On lap

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Neil Wynn, boosting the odd-glass elevator

area of promise the likes of which you are not seeing in Eastern Canada," he said, to be moved in to his 23rd-floor Calgary office.

He will see that hard-bat city, where the construction workers seem to outnumber the pedestrians and the cranes work the sky like steel spiders, as the base to preach a chamber checklist of sure points established by a survey of members and released this week. The concerns include control of inflation, reducing the federal deficit, cutting back regulations affecting business, developing an energy policy and improving productivity. Wynn will be bearing these messages in Ottawa corridors, distancing them from platforms across Canada and will likely drop in a few football statistics and stories too, for he is the resident expert wherever he is.

And he will continue to show, as he has done before, the bank player with some young bank couple who couldn't otherwise afford a flying family unit, and he will keep up the flow of handwritten notes to long-overlooked passengers recently banned. There is a passion to his life that can only come from seeing the country as a whole, something only those 28 addresses could create. "We've never tried to explain to Americans how we're different and why we should stay that way. We have something that's really unique." Passing is not out of the time, he wishes it play momentarily. "I don't know what you do to build pride in a country, but that's really what we're lacking." The music ceases, the mood eases and the premiere lesson, looking to light up and let loose elsewhere. **Roderick MacKenzie**

Too many rooms at the inn

Since childhood, Winnipeg businessman Jack Perrin has had a soft spot for the city's elegant, 360-room Hazel Port Garry. At 66, the green-copper-burnished, chateau-like hotel provides Perrin by only three years. Built by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway in 1913, it was acquired by CN in 1922 and for years was the centre of the city's social life, typically with the CP Hotel's now demolished "Rogal Alex" as the place to be seen. In recent years, however, as newer hotels and restaurants began to cluster in the downtown area, the old, green-bonneted lady of Broadway has been frozen out and neglected. Lackluster management, coupled with weak promotion, have seen occupancy rates plummet from 80 per cent to 55 per cent. Added to that have been five profitless years, with annual losses in the \$300,000 range chalked up for the past three. By last winter, CN was admitting that the hotel didn't figure prominently in future plans.

It was then that Perrin, president of Harvard Investments Ltd., a family-owned investment company, picked up the phone and asked a CN friend (if he could buy the hotel. "It wasn't officially for sale but I got the message that it might be arranged," says Perrin. "Everything's for sale if conditions are right." They were. Earlier this month, CN Vice-President Jean Cormier announced that Harvard Investments will

assume control Nov. 1 for a purchase price, including a city-block-sized site, between \$2 and \$3 million.

Perrin has no plans for major structural changes but plans to adopt the increasingly more aggressive marketing and to introduce a downtown shuttle service. The sale arrangement includes provision for Harvard to honor contracts of the existing 150 employees, but eventually Perrin hopes to reduce staff and improve efficiency. "I'm not being critical, but railway hotels do tend to get complacent and overstaffed," he says. "They sort of drift into it unknowingly."

Perrin's intent is not unknown to CN itself. Looking behind the sale of its losing Port Garry operation, CN is in the midst of a major re-evaluation of its hotel policy, causing some speculation that CN may be considering abandoning the hotel business altogether. Though the corporation's official response is "definitely not," a study to be released this month may shed more light.

The Port Garry is not the first hotel CN has sold. As recently as 10 years ago, CN operated 18 hotels across Canada until unloading Stokton's Hotel Bonhomage to a group of local businessmen. Other rumors are casting an uncertain future over the Hotel Stora Bonanza in Halifax as well. Two CN hotels—the Hotel Vancouver and Montreal's Queen Elizabeth—are agreed under a management agreement with Hilton Hotels of Canada Ltd. CN officials say, however, that the company's hotels are operating at about 70 per cent occupancy over all, led by Ottawa's Chateau Laurier and Jasper Park Lodge. If it means getting out of the hospitality business, to get back on track, CN seems determined to keep its stock rolling. **Peter Cistyle-Gardner**



The Port Garry, getting back on the rails



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CCO's 3 WOMEN (from left) Andy Jones, Mary Walsh, Kellie Jones, Tawny Bellows. Funny mess-up makes from Newfoundland

The real trend, however, is to bigger and better box-office, to simulate the man in the three-piece suit: no one sells tickets faster than Ed Mirvish, the proprietor of the Royal Alexandra Theatre. Despite all this noise at \$1,000 subscription seats sold, Mirvish and his lineup of blue-chip Broadway and West End shows could probably sell 44,000 more. He has considered adding an extra week to the run of each of his subscription attractions but he prefers to reserve time in the Royal Alex calendar for special events such as the Canadian Opera Company season.

The reason for Mirvish's success is the fact that his theatre is big. His volume of ticket sales can easily underwrite any kind of show the Alex might want to produce, providing the shows don't affect the sales curve. The one theatre that could perhaps match his success is the city-owned St. Lawrence Centre where Toronto Arts Productions (TAP) presents five shows annually, with big budgets, healthy subscription sales and the added plus of government subsidy. But this year the opening show, *Construx Theatre's* traveling production of David Pountney's *Delmonico*, has been outperformed by the activity in the TAP boardroom, where the choice of successor to artistic chief Leon Maje is being pondered. Maje's troubles have always made better copy than his shows, especially since the arrival on the scene of Toronto Star critic Greta Mallet, who sends imaginary people (such as Shrek) to haunt him. In St. Lawrence to borrow her byline for articles on Maje's shows. Her full-frontal attacks may have been a final added push to Maje's long-rumored departure next season. Who will follow him? Board members will probably opt for a conservative hand with the cash register to counteract increasing budget problems. Which effectively rules out Stratford Artistic Director Robin Phillips, whose application made headlines

but who is also reputedly a wild man with a dollar.

The hard fact about box-office is that a producer needs a recognizable name to promote. The Royal Alex opened its season Sept. 18 with the New York hit comedy *Do*, starring Tony Award-winner Richard Dreyfuss—there are few Tony Award-winning actors available in the city at small-theatre prices. And the increasing drawing power of young writers and actresses such as Michel Tremblay and Clara Connor only began to solve the problem. Looking down the list of what is advertised for the new season in Toronto, one can notice some confusion is the available to find suitable hits. For instance, so few have three productions of the Charlottetown Festival hit musical *Right to the Heart* were being played by various theatres. And Yinka Rotten's new comedy, *Jack-o'-lantern*, is touted by at least two. In short, the productions are so much on seeing are those this side of the horizon—the plays that are already in rehearsal.

The consistent box-office winner among the smaller entries in the Toronto theatre ticket marketplace has always been the Tarragon. Six plays are offered this year and while the season traditionally gets re-organized as it moves on and ticket takers, two plays, Michel Tremblay's *Demons* and *Sacred Silence* (starring Frank Moore and Clara Connor) and David Mervin's *The Woods*, look to be the strongest entries. And Theatre Passe Muraille is producing what may be the first commercial success of the season, a double bill from Newfoundland of CCO's comedy *Don't Worry and the head Paddy Duff* at the Horseshoe Tavern from Sept. 20.

Theatre Passe Muraille's strategy lately has been to produce at least one commercial hit per year, and then to spend the next year touring it across the country. Director Paul Thompson's collective shows (*1177*, *Farm Show*) have usually provided Theatre Passe Muraille with their annual income, in the process discovering veteran Passe Muraille actor Eric Peterson, who last year paid the company's mortgage with his *Shilly Shilly Goin' to War*, which toured to Toronto from Vancouver. This year one of Passe Muraille's more commercial contributions will be the dramatizations of Nicholas Ondaatje's novel/memoir *The Englishman's Boy*. But the big financial push will probably come with Thompson's new collective work, *The Torontoans*, and an as-yet-unreleased play about homosexuality in the big city.

Just one theatre in Toronto is still content to produce exactly what it wants without looking at the balance

sheet. They Phoenix Theatre on Dupont Street last year produced two excellent shows, *American Buffalo* by David Mamet and the difficult (because of the huge cost) Restoration comedy *The Relapse*. Kestatic reviews don't translate into healthy profits when you have only 168 seats to fill. That year's first production, *Chickadee* by Robert David MacDonald, will star Robert Denham as Simon Dughrin, the impresario of the Balalaika Ensemble. *Chickadee* looks like the one sure artistic bet for this fall.

What does all this activity add up to? There's a good deal of healthy choice for

the ticket buyer, from workshops of brand-new plays to variations by Broadway stars. There are at least 30 professional theatre productions planned between now and Christmas. There are more theatre companies and, most important, more entertainment for those who want it. But for theatre and their management there is increasing pressure to abandon long-term artistic goals in an effort to float their financial ships. Theaters haven't yet learned that the lowest common denominator is not necessarily the most salable commodity. ☐

Theatre

From rags to three-piece business suits

By Ian McDowell

The new fall theatre fashion presents us with the three-piece business suit. After 18 years of nonstop electrifying on behalf of Canadian plays and Canadian nationalism, Toronto's 30-odd professional theatres have stopped worrying about who is to write and perform their plays and begun to worry over whose job it is to pay for them. Theatres are now trying to speak the language of the bottom line.

"We're looking at an effective 25-percent cut in our budget this year," says George Loane's first remark when asked to describe his upcoming 28th anniversary season as head of Toronto Workshop Productions (TWP). He has announced seven plays, but three of them are one-man shows, that favorite low-cost form of drama beloved of theatre executives. Another is a coproduction and one is a touring show billed as a "stage of celebration," the new TWP litany is a careful balance of what should be afforded and what can be. Two new plays (*The Picture of Dorian Gray* and *The Man-Pup*) by Les Cowie and Mike Reynolds will carry on the TWP tradition, but the five other attractions (the first being solo singer-performer Ann Morfitt, which opened Sept. 19) say little more about TWP than "Happy Birthday" says vice.

Budgets for every theatre in the country that depends on government sub-

sidy have been cut back this year. In Toronto, less government funding in the long term translates into an immediate need to sell more tickets for the very next show—and it's nearly impossible to spend less money yet come up with more product. For Loaneville, a "cost-efficient" season means cutting back on the shows he produces best, new plays. At Factory Theatre Lab, new artistic director Bob White has decided to produce no shows at all in the conventional sense, spending his budget instead on occasional workshops of new plays in an attempt to "get back Factory's mandate for discovering new writers"—with the occasional showcase of new work, such as Robert Siddons' *Girls in Chinos* in November.

Ramona is haunting: ignoring balance sheets



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Ideas

Widows talking to widows

For months, Helen Fitzpatrick slept on the same sheets she had shared with her husband the week before he died of cancer. Childless, married 29½ years and isolated from relatives in England, she suffered as much as anyone can from the ache of widowhood. Six days after the funeral, when friends and neighbors stopped calling, she dialed the phone number of a unique organization in Toronto called Community Contacts for the Widowed. It proved out to be the most important call of her life.

The women on the other end of the line understood Fitzpatrick's despair. She understood because she, too, was a widow, a fate that awaits three out



Below: "Widows are a disappearing act."

of every four wives in North America today.

"Widows here are totally stigmatized—this is a society that worships youth and drowns death," says Jay Rogers, a mental health consultant at the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry, who launched Contacts 3½ years ago, after research revealed widowhood was too painful for too many.

In many cultures, widows are automatically thrown together as they don black and share days baby-sitting their village's children. But like Hindu wives once expected to cast themselves upon funeral pyres, many of today's widows in North America commit a sort of suicide of the spirit because of their forced isolation.

"Friends are a great disappointment to any widow," recalls Eileen Brown, who lost her husband suddenly six years ago. "They avoid you because his death reminds them of their own mortality."

Today 80 part-time workers and volunteers are on the telephone seven days a week and organize social gatherings. So far they have helped more than 1,500 widows and, for Helen Fitzpatrick, who clipped Contacts' phone number out of a newspaper before her husband died, the program has been a lifesaver. "Without it, quite simply, my life would have ended with his," Diane Francis

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Behavior



Wipe that SIN off your face

Dr. Norman Wagner didn't like the idea of having to spit out a social insurance number (SIN) in order to buy an airline ticket in Hawaii. That happened to a member of his family last winter and for the president of the University of Calgary, it was the last straw that prompted him to wage war on SINs.

When classes resumed this fall, university faculty and staff received new identity cards, across their social insurance numbers at Wagner's urging. "There was nothing sinister about using SINs on the identity cards," Wagner says. It was merely a convenient number to assign people. But the travel agency who wanted one for an airline ticket was another matter. Though airlines no longer require SINs, at the time Wagner felt the numbers allowed the tracing of a person's activities.

Moreover, obvious to the debate, a Calgary dentist proudly predicts the day when SINs will be implanted in dentures and teeth fillings to make it easier for authorities to identify methuined, bonded or disoriented bodies. Making it a time-consuming process to look up dental records, Dr. Williams Haur said researchers are already working on the implantation of a fluorescent microdot that could later be removed and read under a microscope. To that Wagner responds: "Why not just get a person's name on the microdot?"

Reported by Zaneen

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The right to sing deep down

John Musgrave can claim a good deal of the credit. The 31-year-old guitarist who has serenaded passengers in Toronto's subway system on and off for three years, grew angry last spring under the administering hand of the Toronto Transit Commission (TTC).

Though taken to court only once for violating a bylaw prohibiting soliciting on TTC property, Musgrave says "80 times over" to that I was told I was being charged. The overtime charges were dropped. But rather than just suffer in silence, Musgrave wrote

letters to politicians and the media.

The response came this fall, when the TTC began to audition and license night musicians to play in the subway carrels for a six-month trial. "For an institution like the TTC, it's a pretty liberal gesture," says Musgrave.

Others are not so generous. "It is a digress for anyone who plays music," says Billy James, who for seven years has roamed Toronto streets with his guitar. "For me to go in and audition for something I've been doing for years without any problems is a joke." Only 26, he contested the right to pay the TTC a \$50 licensing fee, defended by Crawford Hugh, chairman of the TTC advertising committee, as "part of the control element, mixing the standards to those who are really serious." The lack of controls, TTC officials argue, could lead to chaos if several musicians congregated at one station.

So far, Toronto's musical headcases appear to be one of a kind. In Edmonton and Montreal, the only other Canadian cities with subways, bylaws also prohibit soliciting but there the similarity ends. Montreal's system has Musgrave among its ubiquitous speakers and, according to Guy Beaudet, director of public relations for the Montreal Urban Community Transit Commission, that's enough. The fledgling Edmonton line is a mere 4.5 miles long, with only two downtown stops and no maintenance. Once it is extended, says Terry Teatman, transit system marketing officer, perhaps the system will follow the TTC's precedent.

Incidentally, Musgrave is one of the chosen eight performing legally beneath Toronto streets, which goes to show that even the TTC likes his money.

Loiselle Knappe

Surrey musicians Wayne Davis (left) and James Hildebrand, 16, listen to guitar.



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The Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada

And he leaves it back, showing off in a fashion that might cause most to blush.

Decided out it is a peaked cap, loose-fitting (even test-like) overcoat and wearing the obligatory scarves (though the first-weather scenes in the show suggest an earnest shyness), he gives you a camera like a man with a secret. Well, he's Glenn Gould—he is a secret. He wrote the master audition himself and provides the clipped diction to accompany it. Framed by the muted waxes of the Canadian National Exhibition with its lousy rides, he com-

mends that "the whole thing's a mystery to me." Once, when he deigned to play to public at the CNE, he played Prokofiev's Sonata No. 2. "It was supposed to end, at 11 o'clock, at six o'clock but it didn't. I finally indulged myself in a slow movement and it ended around 6:02. A dove-bombing demonstration was scheduled for 6:01. And the last moments of that performance would have warmed the cockles of P.T. Barnum's heart." At the Toronto see he sings a Mahler song to the elephants who respond accordingly to the grossness and quality of his singing.

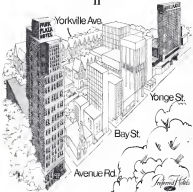


Gould, P.T. Barnum with the dive bombers

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The Toronto that emerges from this portrait is the obvious (necessarily so since the times will be used to more than off-camera). Mariposa, Kensington Market, the Toronto Islands, Yorkville and the Don Valley. Recognized as a megalopolis, seriously clean and safe, Toronto once went to Buffalo for excitement. Gould points out, nowadays Buffalo comes to the Eaton Centre for the same. What McGeevey's film does miss is the energy and, yes, even style that goes into making Toronto the city it is. Given Gould's sensibility, that subtle and more encompassing view is as impossible. The detritus, however, is wonderfully entertaining and, because of Gould, fascinating.

Gould's Toronto is sharply shot, like a commercial, and the burgeoning beauty of its architecture ("architectural beauty" can be breathtaking. It can also be very telling: Toronto the Good—as long as there's lots of gold in the vault and everyone's complacently happy Gould talks about an aspect of the Toronto mentality: "a tendency to remain even during times of radical change a certain perspective, a certain detachment, a healthy skepticism about change for change's sake. I think it was probably that tendency which enabled Toronto to survive the '60s when cosmopolitan cities north of the border were quite literally falling apart in both architectural and human terms.")

That's one side of it and it probably suits the portrait of Gould espoused. Still, there's one aspect of people coming up as a reminder at the Eaton Centre and looking into the camera with unfriendly faces. Toronto, for those not insured to it, can be the laziest spot on the face of the earth. The rest of the country might derive a certain vicious sense of vindication from these shots. Some who live in Toronto will probably read in recognition—at least those who aren't Glenn Gould. Lawrence O'Toole

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The mystery of moods— it's all in the mind



By Rita Christopher

Improve your memory! Increase your sexual potency! Relieve your anxiety! Banish your depression! Maximize your powers of concentration! Free yourself from agonizing physical pain! It might be the midway pitch of a patent medicine salesman but, according to some leading brain researchers, you don't need to purchase any medicine to achieve such spectacular results. The catalogue of wonders is just part of what scientists predict our own brains may be able to do for us, through recent

advances in research on a group of strange brain hormones classified as peptides. So rapid is the rate at which important discoveries are being made that scientists are holding a series of international conferences this year in an effort to coordinate the meteoric advances in the field. Notes one researcher, "We are on the edge of a choose-your-mood society. Those of us who work in the field see a developing potential for nearly total control of human emotion status, mental functioning, the will to act."

The revolutionary neuropeptides,

which some scientists believe are capable of altering as little emotional Shogakukan, have already produced dramatic results. After treatment with a peptide which is thought to stimulate the memory, a 55-year-old man in Spain, who suffered amnesia after a serious accident, was able to recall the date of his accident and the date of his wedding in addition to the ages of his wife and daughter. In another experiment, 18 elderly men were given daily whiffs of a peptide-laden nasal spray. Subsequent tests revealed their increased prowess in everything from attention span to leaving shiffy. College students, used to putting their trust at examination time in black coffee and cigarettes, reported greatly heightened levels of concentration while participating in a pop-culture experiment. Other researchers have reported nearly complete reversal of all symptoms of senility after treatment with specific peptides.

Neuropeptides have produced everything from violent aggression to increased social behavior and vastly elevated pain tolerance in laboratory animals. Injected with a mental patient's urine, presumed to contain a high peptide level, five caged rats reacted with a killing spore so violent that only one of them was alive a few minutes later. In tests with sensitive peptide female rats promptly assumed their characteristic mating posture. In still other experiments, rats injected with the peptide beta-endorphin rested their tails on hot plates and glowing light bulbs for longer than normal pain tolerance would allow.

For many researchers, beta-endorphin holds the most exciting potential for behavior modification. Its discovery, in fact, has been hailed in some scientific quarters as "the greatest medical breakthrough since penicillin." Researchers have identified beta-endorphin as one of the most miraculous of substances—the body's natural painkiller, an opiate not injured by hypodermic needles but produced by the system itself. "A non-addicting opiate drug would be a marvellous benefit in treating both severe and chronic pain and a variety of emotional problems," says Dr. Solomon Snyder of Maryland's Johns Hopkins University, one of the leaders in peptide research.

Like many scientific breakthroughs, the discovery of beta-endorphin is a complex, interwoven detective story. Working in Snyder's laboratory in 1973, graduate student Candace Pert discovered that pain-killers such as opium and its derivatives, heroin and morphine, work on specific brain receptor cells, fitting into the designated cells much like a key fitting into a lock. But despite Pert's identification of the pain-site as a receptor area, a very pain-

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ling problem remained. Why would spinal cells have evolved in the brain simply to accommodate the extract of the opium poppy?

The answer, researchers believed, was that the body must want produce its own natural opiate. Confirmation came in 1975 when John Hughes and Hans Kosterlitz at the University of Aberdeen discovered two naturally occurring opiate peptides which they called enkephalins, from the Greek, meaning "in the head." Based on his own earlier research as well as the work of the Swedish team, neuroscientist C. H. Li of the University of California at San Francisco quickly isolated an even more startling natural opiate—one that was from 10 to 100 times more powerful than the original enkephalins—and dubbed this new super analgesic beta-endorphin.

The presence of beta-endorphin helped explain some very perplexing human reactions to pain. Under certain conditions, soldiers often ignore serious wounds that in other circumstances would undoubtedly cause them enormous suffering. Researchers now speculate that the stress of battle, or added any kind of profound stress, may encourage the body to produce large

MacDonald in lab, examining messenger cell to cell, a piece of a very large puzzle.



amounts of beta-endorphin to cope with unexpected crises. Such endorphins are reported by the junctions of most of the opiate receptors in the primitive, limbic areas of the brain, often referred to as the reptilian brain. Perhaps, theorizes Dr. Jeffrey Barker of Washington's National Institute of Health (NIH), endorphins represent the most basic of animal survival tools—the chemical warnings that prompt each basic decision as our instinctive fight or flight response. With Dr. Thomas D. Smith Jr. of NIH and Dr. John MacDonald of Toronto Western Hospital, Barker is now analyzing the precise mechanisms by which such neurochemicals transmit their messages from cell to cell.

Despite its infancy, neurochemical experimentation has already produced some noteworthy results in the areas of addiction relief and pain control. Hard drugs lack into the opiate receptors, fooling the system into thinking it is producing its own beta-endorphin. When drug use stops, the addict experiences severe pain because the body has no reserve of natural endorphins to fall back on. Addiction researchers report that treatment with synthetic beta-endorphins significantly minimizes these traumatic withdrawal symptoms.

Some of the most fascinating research into the relationship between beta-endorphin and the transmission of pain is currently being done at the Un-

iversity of Toronto where Dr. Bruce Pomeroy has found links between the most distressing opiate and the ancient pain-killing properties of acupuncture. Pomeroy is testing whether the insertion of acupuncture needles at specified sites stimulates the production of endorphins manufactured in the brain. "There is quite a bit of evidence that the acupuncture stimulates the production of endorphins and this blocks the transmission of pain messages to the brain," says Pomeroy.

Without question, the most controversial areas of beta-endorphin research have involved behavior modification. After experiments by Dr. Floyd Bloom at California's Salk Institute produced cataleptic states in rats injected with beta-endorphin, researchers suspected that altered beta-endorphin levels might be related to several psychological disturbances. Operating on this premise, Dr. Nathan Kline of New York's Rockland Research Institute and Dr. Henry Lehmman of McGill University gave small doses of beta-endorphin to 14 of Kline's private psychiatric patients. The pair reported immediate improvements in five cases. The result, however, did not meet with acceptance in the medical and scientific communities. Unfortunately, Kline and Lehmman had not done their work under acceptable "double blind" testing procedures in which both the real drug and a placebo are used and neither doctor nor patient knows beforehand which substance is being taken.

Several other early beta-endorphin experiments suffered from similar echoes of enthusiasm and absence of control. After reporting significant links between schizophrenia and the level of beta-endorphin in the spinal fluid, Swedish researchers were unable to reproduce their results in more strictly regulated conditions. "There is no doubt that some of this got so trendy that all kinds of lucky experiments were done," says Dr. Ronald Nickback of McGill, an expert in the study of chronic pain. Adds Dr. John Lehmman of UCLA, "I'm so doubtful that for a while some experiments were done just to be in fashion, so to speak. But I've noticed a real pulling back in the last six months. People are being very careful about what they do now."

Despite the new wave of caution, behavioral researchers remain optimistic about the future of neurochemicals as behavior-modifying drugs. They point to none other than the most influential brain theorist of the 20th century, Sigmund Freud, who speculated: "In the future we will be allowed to exercise a direct influence by means of particular chemical substances upon the apparatus of energy and their distribution in the apparatus of the mind."

Are the neurochemicals the fulfillment of Freud's prediction? Researchers disagree. "We are not ready to speculate on a psi-poppy 1984 society," says Pomeroy. "We are still putting together pieces of a very large puzzle." Acupuncture researcher Pomeroy takes a lower-key approach to the question. "I would hope all this leads to understanding of the natural ways to stimulate hormones like beta-endorphin," he says. "The ancient Chinese used to have acupuncture treatments every day to maintain good

health. Maybe jogging does the same thing. I prefer to think that way than to speculate on a psi-poppy 1984 society."

But Candace Pert sees neurochemical research as nothing less than the wave of the future. "To me, it's absolutely sensational," she says. "We're learning that human creatures can be chemically started and we have a handle on how to chemically manipulate them. It just blows my mind." Presumably, Pert's crisis-based endorphin system would come in the rescue before such a disaster occurred. ◇

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Working children

When the police made a random visit to a factory on the outskirts of Bangkok, they saw a sight that made even a hardened officer such as Detective Pongsa blank. "They stared at us from their workbenches, about 60 haggard children in a room so foul that you could hardly breathe," the Thai policeman recalled. "Some had hump bags for clothes and a few had actually been tied to the tables to keep them in place for the 36 hours they worked there every day. But as we left them away they all began to weep. A little girl of 10 told me they were crying

at present, some \$3.5 million live in the developing world.

The report aims to "shame the world into taking notice of a matter everybody prefers to ignore," says ILO spokesman Peter Battistella. "Child labor is a taboo subject because nobody likes to think about youngsters suffering, and we have no easy solution to offer," he maintains. "But we also keep our mouths shut out of deference to the warlike attitudes of countries which thrive in part on the sweat of their children." Battistella's latter accusation is backed up by such widely respected bodies as



Scurrying for coal in India, wandering in Morocco like 'semi-unsustainable disease'.

zonic and cultural tradition to be abolished at the snap of a humanitarian finger.

The fact is that exploitation of children comes naturally to many societies. Some 80 per cent of the world's child laborers toil in farming, cottage industries and family-type ventures where conditions, though hard, are by no means unbearable. Overworked and deprived of proper schooling, the children nevertheless earn food, protection and pocket money from their employers while learning a trade.

In its report the ILO calls upon governments to prevent children from taking dangerous jobs and doing night work and to urge employers to limit work hours and improve lighting and ventilation in workshops.

While such advice may conceivably improve the lot of the 80 per cent of working children who come under some form of government supervision, it is hard to see how they can help the remaining 20 per cent, the hapless 39 million whose plight falls within the category of slavery. These are the children of Bangladesh and Colombia, as well as the 28,000 youngsters found working this summer in sweat factories in Sivkari near Madras, India, some of whom were five years old. And they are also the little girls in northeastern Brazil who are sold into bondage to prisoners for \$80, to spend their lives in brothels, or to furnish who subject them to wrenching household chores, 18-hour days and sexual abuse by the males.

"For these children yes, only pray," said Leah Levin of the Anti-Slavery Society in a recent statement before a United Nations subcommittee on human rights. "You wonder why they were here."

Peter Lewis



because we were closing down the factory and they would be out of work."

On that same day, in the hills of Colombia, thousands of children between the ages of 9 and 14 were toiling in coal mines, weighing one ton and another to fetch scraps of coal lying beyond the reach of adults. In a 10-hour day, the luckiest would retrieve a bagful, and be paid seven pesos. The same bag would bring the miner owner 180 pesos.

The children of Bangkok and the tiny towns of Colombia are victims of what many people term the "last unsentimental disease of the century"—child labor. Like an estimated 85 million other youngsters in the world in 1970, the International Year of the Child, they are exploited by adults in ways that range from the trivial to the perilous for financial gain. And, being children, they can't fight back.

The International Labor Organization (ILO) in Geneva has just published a scathing report on child labor, outlining the how, where and why in full detail, thus, ever before. The paper shows that out of the 50 million children under the age of 15 known to be working

the Anti-Slavery Society in London and the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions in Brussels (ICFTU).

"South Korea, Taiwan and Malaysia have grown reasonably affluent from the sale of products assembled by little girls and boys who sit on assembly lines performing the same monotonous 10,000 times a day for a pittance," says Ada Camanella of the ICFTU. "Your government could protest by banning the import of these goods but it won't, for fear of crippling the Third World economies or offending nations we like to consider as bastions of the free world."

Union disaster for child labor goes beyond purely moral considerations. "The struggle is not only harmful for what it does to children but because it denies adults work in a period of high unemployment throughout the world," says Camanella. "If children stopped working, there would be work for every jobless man." Yet there is little chance of anyone putting a halt to child labor. Apart from being profitable to governments, bosses, parents and even the children themselves in many countries, such toil is far too embedded in eco-

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Media

Science for the man in the street

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"I've been saying this for a long time. I feel like a broken record," says scientist and broadcaster David Suzuki. "The most potent force affecting people's lives today is science and technology. There's no place in the world you can go without encountering science or its debris, not even the North Pole."

North American media have been slow to catch the message. But now something of a boom in science coverage is under way, particularly in the United States. *The New York Times'* Tuesday science section is one of the most popular of its five weekly supplements, and magazine publishers are flocking to jump onto the science bandwagon. *Time* magazine's magazine, *Time*, soft-core science-centered, now claims a readership of more than one million. Next month, the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS) will enter the ratings with a biweekly *Science* News. *Discover*, *Time*, *Life*, *The Atlantic* and the *Scientific American* all have similar projects on the drawing board.

The goal of the AAAS, a nonprofit organization, is to "take the sciences out of science" and to combat "Sci Anxiety." The goal of the other entities, generally, is to attract the readers that advertisers value most highly: the college-educated.

In Canada, the headlines have rolled much more slowly. A few major Canadian papers now run a formal science page. *The Globe and Mail* for the past 20 months, *The Montreal Star* for two months, *Le Press* for the past 10 years. The CBC is bullish on science. Its half-hour *Science* Magazine with David Suzuki and *The Nature of Things* together attracted more than one million viewers last season. (The latter is also one of CBC's best-selling exports.) This season the two will be combined into a new one-hour *The Nature of Things* hosted by Suzuki, with a bigger budget and more airtime. The expansion comes at a time when the CBC is cutting back budgets for most types of programming.



Suzuki: 'Glad' no more about science



There is no sign, however, of any imminent move on the magazine front. *Science* News, a Canadian "science page of science," ran aground in mid-1979 when the federal government defunded it for a second year of operation. *Science* Forum had established a circulation of about 6,000 before it collapsed. The magazine was a kind of anglophone clone of the successful 18-year-old Quebec *Science*, which now claims a circulation close to 20,000.

Dick MacDonald, manager of editorial services for the Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers Association, says Canadian media have been slower to respond to the growing interest in science despite surveys of Canadian news interests which show a very large appetite for science coverage. A na-

tional survey carried out for the ministry of state for science and technology found that 74 per cent of Canadians expressed interest in medicine and health stories, second only to local news (84 per cent). Other science items came farther down the list (48.7 per cent) but ranked only marginally behind sports (56 per cent) and fictionally about of national politics (45.6 per cent) and crime (44 per cent).

Figures such as these confirm Suzuki's belief that "the public has always been interested in science. The media have been the slow to ignore it. They have generally tended to regard science as something separate from the public's general lifestyle. I've been lobbying CBC for years for a science show running 22 weeks a year, while they've been searching for the right person."

A well-respected researcher in his own field of genetics, Suzuki now dedicates himself almost full-time to his mission of popularizing science. "Ninety per cent of politicians are wholly ignorant of science and yet they are making decisions involving science and technology that will affect us all. Until the public can start making these questions about these issues we're going to go on having ignorant politicians."

If the US boom is a myth to go by, the kind of explosion in scientific coverage that Suzuki demands may be on its way. News publishers like *Time* Inc. and *Harris* may not necessarily share Suzuki's brand of scientific idealism. But if the numbers are there to support their ventures into science, the effort in the long run may be the effort.

Andrew Wainor



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Torch song of a temptress

THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRUNN
Directed by Peter Werner Fashbender

Is there anyone alive who wouldn't want hot—or hot—face burned in Hanna Schygulla's sparkling nest of golden hair for just one minute? As the title character in *The Marriage of Maria Braun*, Schygulla gives one of the greatest performances ever to reach the screen—endlessly variable, sensual, hypnotic. There are no easy layers to the personality that by the time they're all stripped off you feel you have known this woman all your life. Schygulla gets so close as possible—if there's such a thing—to becoming a spiritual voluptuary. She telegraphs feeling with her face. And she's the most unusual erotic object to come along since Marlene Dietrich. Slung across parallel bars, with that magnetic look swept to one side and one leg hanging throw-like to almost touch the floor, she's a dirty blonded Parthian apparition. Her sensuality is both ribald and sacred, the painted pucker in that of a cherub, but when she smiles in anger, part of a warning curl and it's the headdress of a harpy. Like the film itself, she's a full-fledged masterpiece of human design.

Maria Braun balances, as most people do, that life owes us all something. Married for one night to Hermann Braun (Klaus Löwenthal), she's left alone after the war. The Americans are rebuilding Germany, everything's rationed, and Maria survives in the rubble around her by pure instinct. She befriends her husband's wife's maid, because she loves him so much. When her best friend's husband comes home with the news that Hermann is dead, a shadow of despair falls across her. She's trapped at her side, she walks constantly through a crowd of soldiers and girls dancing to Glenn Miller in a bar. She sees up in a black soldier (George Byrd) she has met and says, in a ghost of a voice, "Dance with me, Mr. Bill! My man is dead." Fashbender, who has made an incredible 48 films in 10 years, has developed a sensitivity for redemptive and humanist war parts. Every woman who has touched herself blue over her man is there in that bar scene. The



Schygulla signing the contract to marry

movie reverberates like a tuning fork. Hermann unexpectedly returns and goes to jail for a murder Maria inadvertently committed. Determined to reunite with her one passion in life, to repeat that one night of happiness, she waits again. She becomes a successful businesswoman sheltered by her self-interest, meeting a middle-aged entrepreneur named Oswald (Olav Hennig) who falls hopelessly in love with her. Released from prison, Hermann goes to Canada, promising to return when he

has made a life for himself. Maria turns her optimism into Oswald if it's "as if we had signed a contract to enjoy life," she says, contentedly. Oswald dies without touching her in the way he wanted. Maria Braun is one of the saddest stories ever told. We expect happiness to be a governing condition of our lives and miss what there is of it while we wait.

With Peter Märtzhofen's and Pia Fothlich's brilliant script, Fashbender has caught and made poignant the governing, tragic myth of the 20th century: the satisfaction that comes in self-perpetuating. People, morally, such as Maria Braun, become victims of their success. *The Marriage of Maria Braun* is such an intricately woven and densely textured tapestry of life that it's impossible to keep track of all the levels it works on simultaneously. Even the subsidiary characters such as Maria's mother, her friend Betti and Oswald's bookkeeper, are so fully defined that watching the film is like listening to the mesmerizing conversations of several people you know, caught in a hallucination of nuances.

Layover over the complexities of plot, the emotional and intellectual content, and all the references to Germany's painful life since the war, is Fashbender's directing style. The style keeps commenting on the material, altering it by turns into comedy, melodrama, camp, sentiment, realism, homage, trash and various visual displays.

Because of the phenomenon of Hanna Schygulla and the pull of the story, *Maria Braun* may be the first ground-breaking foreign film to become a big hit since Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*. When at the end Maria says to Hermann, "I gave you everything, I gave you my life. Get a watch!" the movie slams its doors with a clang of multiple ironies which should leave even the most casual moviegoer drunk and dazed.

Lawrence O'Toole

Hawkeye goes to Washington

THE SEDUCTION OF JOE TYNAN
Directed by Jerry Schindler

I bet, I've happened, all those post-war toddlers who made up the American baby boom have reached young middle age. The mood of the U.S.—and of U.S. movies—has subtly changed, calmed down, grown a little mellow and melancholy. A decade ago, when the baby boomers were making some waves on the campuses and in the streets, the

salting cry was, "Don't trust anyone over 30." Now that just about everybody is over 30, you're more likely to hear, "What's on TV tonight, honey?"

What have been on TV in the '70s are prestige dramas about the mid-life crisis. So it's no coincidence that the mature (read: middle-aged) movies of the past few years—*Juno*, *The Turners Point*, *An Uncommon Woman*, *Anne Hald* and *Maschke*, and now *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*—appeal to liberal, bourgeois, upper-middle-class sensibilities. Joe Tynan, in fact, was originally called *The Senator*—until someone realized there had already been a Mid-Holbrook TV series with the same title.

Joe (Alan Alda) is a liberal senator from New York who has managed to acquire political power without sacrificing either his principles or his happy home life (reference to *Flaming Long Island*). Soon enough, though, a chance for some real power—maybe even a spot as the national ticket—brings both his political scruples and his comfortable monogamy. Will Joe shaft his oldest friend in the Senate (Melvyn Douglas) in order to ride a hot issue to the White House? Will he be able to reconcile with his sweet, troubled wife (Barbara Harris) after a high-voltage dalliance with an attractive lobbyist (Meryl Streep)? Will Joe Tynan be able to reconcile his various tastes of satire, soul-searching, romantic comedy and monogamous melodrama? Will the stay-at-homes

Streep and Alda now that they're over 30, it's melodrama in bed in the Senate.



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who would surely see Jay Zymen if it were a TV movie pay \$350 to see it in a theatre?

With Aida as both star and author of the original screenplay, Jay might expect a kind of *Blue Sky* Goes to Washington. And that's pretty much what you get, with this engaging, intelligent actor playing it both ways—sensibly cynical and sufferably noble—as he spirals down the corridors of power. And Benjamin Harris does wonders with a role that suggests Hester's *Presale* scaled down to the dimensions of a soap-opera melodrama. It's a considerable feat of acting that Harris somehow looks 20 years older—really wrecked—because of all that her character has endured through the movie.

But the best reason for seeing *Jay Zymen* is Meryl Streep. A veteran of both Shakespeare and musical comedy on the New York stage, Streep has been cast mostly as the long-suffering girl in movies (*The Deer Hunter*) and on TV (*The Web*). Here she gets a chance to be artistically sexy and to show off her light touch with a barely line. Streep deserves to be the Carole Lombard of the '90s. Jay Zymen deserves a slot in the 1981 schedule of *Toronto Night at the Movies*.

Autopsy in cold blood

THE OCEAN FORD
Directed by Harold Becker

Los Angeles, 1983. Two cops make a routine check on a car. In it are two small-time crooks on a job. One, Jimmy Smith (Frankie Faison), is a



Woodie and Seane hold up police cars, gun in the mouth, headpiece, a battered body

pretty fast just out of the slammer, the other, played by James Woodie, is a psychotic named Powell with the steely composure of a perfect killer. The routine check turns out to be a tragic piece of luck. The cops are forced to drive to a remote field near Bakerfield where Powell shoots one of them in cold blood.

The other cop, Hettenger (John Savage), escapes, but is scarred forever. *The Ocean Ford*, scripted by Joseph Wambaugh from his best-selling novel, examines the aftermath of the crime, like an autopsy.

What makes *The Ocean Ford* work, despite its shaggy dramatic coherence and porchouse style, is the depth of Wambaugh's feeling for his people (they're based on true characters) and

his railing against the American legal system. Since it's not clear who fired an extra four shots into the dead policeman, trials and retrials go on for years. Hettenger, feeling guilty that he did nothing to prevent his buddy's death, turns into a *Mezzanotte* and is fired from the force, and while the trials wear on, the memory of the killing eats at him until there's no room left for the present. The resulting headcase and the nightmare dream his control unit of his better his infant is its critic, then puts a gun to his own mouth, considering a way out.

In adapting his book to the screen,

peppered with uncharacteristic. He claims the APC is a group that "won't let be heavy with any anger. What we should do is attempt to control the industry with everybody in this union."

Last January, IATSE, alarmed by APC's growth, opened its hitherto reluctant doors to APC's members for a fee of \$5 a day. This union's trade union. The one stopped forward. We wanted to get into IATSE for years," scoffed APC's sound technician Ben DePoe. "Now we don't need them."

With both sides intractable, it seems, however, that the conflict may soon be resolved. The Federation of Canadian Film and Television Guilds and Unions, chaired by ACTA's Paul Stein, is determined to foster a master agreement covering the industry's employees. What is developing now is simply a means by which U.S. producers can produce their films using our benefits," says Stein. "As long as we have the kind of dispute among these labor technicians, we cannot really be talking about a viable film industry."

Brian Kobi

Wambaugh hasn't made a division between literary and movie narrative. It's a screenplay written in chapters, with a novelistic continuity, and the director, Harold Becker, keeps eternally countering from one narrative thread to another. Time sequences are vague, some scenes are repeated too early, others left to peter out. There's a hell of a lot in *The Ocean Ford* that's good and gripping, but muddled badly.

John Savage, who was so fine in *The Deer Hunter*, is a major disappointment in this story. He always seems to be lagging a beat behind, never embracing

the changes in the man. It's one of the best performances. Instead, the movie's dramatic focus is James Woodie's sly and steady letter.

Woodie's sensational portrayal of Powell is the most striking since Robert Walken, as Tommy Udo, pushed the old lady down the stairs in *Kim of Shink*. Woodie's Powell is a silver-tongued devil who hides the complexity of evil behind a sane, measured voice. The rest of *The Ocean Ford* doesn't begin to match the comic obsession that falls across his face—an achy cruel between a snar and a smile.

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Labor pains

Antennae storm is brewing all the way from—rather the motor—of the Canadian film industry. While event-most broken celebrate the projected \$150 million in film production this year, a rift between technicians belonging to the industry's international union and a rival Canadian group continues to widen.

On one side of the battle line is the huge 67,000-member International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees (IATSE), on the other is the young but break Association of Canadian Film Craftpeople (ACFC) with just under 200 members. Until recently, IATSE, with its selective recruiting policy, security system and its offices in New York, left its members controlled the few features films made in English Canada (Quebec film producers actually created what a few years ago when they refused to employ production crew) free-lance technicians, eager to get a break working on low-budget films and television. But the balance of power has begun to shift, especially since last September when 300 freelance technicians met in Toronto to form the ACFC, a labor organization with membership limited to Canadians.

From the moment producers had to choose between IATSE members (who are forbidden to work with non-IATSE crews in most situations) and the ACFC. And higher prices have sold IATSE an ever-increasing number of contracts in the 1978 fiscal year. While locals in Toronto and Vancouver took only \$27 million of the estimated \$80 million in film production. One production accountant estimated that shooting with ACFC crews can save as much as \$10,000 a week. An IATSE crew will turn on its dispatches as soon as it feels on a set. If you treat an ACFC crew well, it'll give you all it's got and throw in an extra hour.

All of which disturbs Toronto IATSE business agent Hugh Montgomery, who put left his job with the union. In a conversation



Music

Purple passion trimmed with ermine and pearls

Remarked on lady while running through her jeans at the opening of the Canadian Opera Company's *Simon Boccanegra* last week at the O'Keefe Centre in Toronto: "They go by and they call down curtain and they fall in love. Then they die." Which doesn't, with steering simplicity, the nature of Italian opera is, as 19 operas of all national persuasions, real life—only more heightened. People on the opera stage behave the way people actually want to behave most of the time; they embody every emotion. The opera stage is precisely the only place where you can "show a user" and not only derive the satisfaction implicit therein, but call it art too. And opera displays, in overwhelmingly florid fashion, the two most exciting emotions known to humankind—love and revenge. As another lady put it, it's "real narcissism."

A model of how people passions can be

given an ermine trim in Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*, written during the composer's middle period but revised at the height of his creative powers. An uneven work and rarely performed, *Boccanegra* was a brave choice to open an opera season. But the COC keeps taking more and more risks the season, previously confined to little more than a month of intense activity as though it were Christmas, has opened up to include most of the year, as well as its regular complement of touring. Only the petty of heart and narrow of mind could quibble with the rest of the lineup: Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, Puccini's break-and-better, *Mefistofele*, Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, Massenet's *Werther* and Benjamin Britten's naturalistic masterpiece, *Peter Grimes*. Next season brings Jose Siskind's and Donizetti's *Anna Bolina* and the new, complete version of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, the operatic event of the decade. The *Boccanegra*

gives a promising start beautifully sung, splendidly dressed, conducted with care and competence, and acted as though with fullness arrives. Well, you can't have everything.

The plot is virtually impenetrable. Simon Boccanegra is elected doge of Genoa during the 16th century in the machinations of a subaltern, Paolo Paolo is in love with Simon's long-lost daughter Amelia, who is in love with Gabriele Adorno, a revolutionary out to assassinate her father. There is a fiery feud between Simon and the head of the Fiesco house in Genoa. Abetted by the separate hatreds for Simon, Paolo plots his downfall. The tale of intrigue, betrayal and conflicting loyalties reaches its climax-and-dagger lead in the final scene, with the death of Simon.

Written mostly for the darker colors of the male voice, *Boccanegra* has a black voice of things, summed up by Fiesco: "All happens on earth is a deluding spell." Louis Quilico, weighed down by his mandate as doge as well as his parents, is a first-rate *Boccanegra*. It's his first crack at the role, and, considering that, a remarkable achievement: vocally alert, poignant, disturbing and always expressive. His son, Gino, is fine as the plotting Paolo. It's not every day you get to see genes at work like that. As Amelia, Patricia Wells has the bright, strong tones of a Verdi dramatic soprano, but her only aria, Come in quest'ora brava, was spoiled by Nicola Baccagno's conducting, which robbed the aria of its apt. Baccagno, who conducted some of the *Metropolitan* "monster" concerts in the '50s, releases the rhythms too much. It's decent, but limp, conducting, lacking the sharpness of attack required. Carla Bar was the same, Gabriele Adorno (the one really smart), and Don Giordano, with his howls-of-the-earth bawls, was Quilico's old adversary Fiesco.

The production is as good as you're likely to get in North America. Hoffman and Anne Sladen's sets and costumes are shrewdly suited and respectful: the Grand harbor bustled in blue, a giant Fiesco-like figure of a lion looking down upon the doge's council chamber, the rich but never tacky robes. Conversely, though, for such a "dark" opera, the stage has been lit like a kitchen, and co-directors John Lebeg and Lilli Mazzanti are content to have their characters simply stand and belt it out. What's even worse is the operatic tendency to gratuitously add a girly note. As a director new to North American theatres, "Don't just do something, stand there." The COC is urged to merge the two styles.

Lawrence O'Toole

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Where people wander lonely as a crowd, leading lives of not-so-quiet dissipation

By Allan Fotheringham

Toronto is a playmate. The city's skyline and personality are dominated by the swirl of money, the cold, white tower of the Bank of Commerce, the black bulk of the Toronto-Dominion, the self-indulgent gold of the Royal Bank complex—all bunched together as if for warmth at the foot of the city's evening heat, the skyscrapers, and secretaries, trying, in some simultaneously with skirts lifted and the wind-torn curtains created by the crowding towers, escape from underground.

The busy notes and toward these columns of cash. Yet, in a silent tracking way, the real theme of the city is tapped by a lady who scans her living by pouring out her heart to numerous readers. What the city really wants is warmth, understanding, empathy and more. Toronto desperately needs a mother.

The cultural rebellion of the city is revealed by what Joan Suttan does every day in the Toronto Star, the largest and richest paper in the land. A fragile-looking, pretty lady of indeterminate age, she opens her mind each day and spreads it out in print while the city of credit cards gains confidence and reassurance found lacking in the computer's printers. Here is one day last week.

"I cannot banish the ghosts that sit at the end of your bed at 4 o'clock in the morning. But I can give them some companionship. I can weave some memories that will be more pleasant company as you wake in the dawn. Franchi stirred, the girl of Wall Street for the week, me, silk, good food, touch, and wine." And so on. Helen is the cold heart of Cash City.

The phenomenon of Joan Suttan is not lost on the shrewd page boys of the largest and most lucrative newspaper in Canada. Until recently, she played her words in the cheeky Toronto Star tabloid until an uncouth fellow columnist displayed excessive warmth to her at a party, whereupon she took her act down the street to the yattering arena of the race and terribly serious

Star, which is usually full of moral uplift and warnings on the Auto Part. One sees all the humanism commentators on the subway, surreptitiously reading the Star's columns, almost agreeing with the uncomfortable feeling that total strangers are sitting by, retreating on this issue with the lady columnist who whispers that tender understanding will solve the workday blues.

The Star, aware of the threat, out there is need of a few editors of loss each morning before facing the street-cars, is about to retaliate with Merle



Shus. She is also fragile-looking, a lady who made a best-selling sensation out of her book called *Shus: Men Are More Perfect Than Others*, and writes about the problems of getting through the night. Joan Suttan is about to publish her own book, *All Men Are Not Alike*—a fact recently discovered by female sportswriters allowed into super-leagues dressing rooms.

All this is by way of pointing out the personal angst that permeates Toronto like the Dutch elm disease. It is, in its way, the same restless race that one finds in New York, the more successful and crowded the city, the more lonely little cells of submissiveness. The other evening a good portion of the workman of Toronto, black and white and beautiful, gathered for a benefit opening night at a dinner-theatre opening of *Piano Solo*, the well-worn Neil Shamus vignette of Irish and Irishness in the Worn Apple. Until a party, whereupon she took her act down the street to the yattering arena of the race and terribly serious



the most interesting fact was the audience, the long thoughtful silence from the crowd as the darkness with the necessary undid and the wine soiled and pondered in the dark. It was a comedy but there were a lot of people not laughing.

Much of the more fervent feeling to the city can be traced, written by many of the same people, in an obscure, nostalgic book, *Parasol in the Rain*. It is, of course, the world viewed from Toronto and among the 150 contributors is history professor Edward Shuster (the man who discovered that there is ice in Ottawa) telling us that Band D (Bandage and Dementia) are now in and that entire streets of Toronto are now populated with little which are not, as it turns out, a form of loving craft, but Living Together Relationships. Will heady sophistication never cease?

One suspects we are closer to reality in another place, *The Eyes of Toronto 1960-78*, by Scott Symons (who writes like Tom Wolfe in heat). "Toronto eyes in 10%," he writes, "are native, withdrawn, working only point to point, or by reaction, instead of embracing some brave new world. And when such eyes do peer out, it is a flat, fish-gutted, flat, and a distant, dignified fear, everywhere. As if something central has been torn out of everybody—or has it merely been subtly eroded."

Don Barron, who uses wit to disguise the fact that he is a serious person, writes that he is in Toronto, the "New Urban," and yet finds even recent immigrants assuming the uniform of the WASP "White Anti-Social Protestant." Everywhere I go in pleasant Toronto I look around and see replicas of the denizens of the '60s when I grew up. I read about the little magazines in the Courtyard Café and Penion's but I see the same tight-mouthed and presumably tight-minded squares with whom I grew up.

How strange in the city that speaks out, the dominant theme is Miss Lonely-Hearts.

Dining Out—
You want to give a dazzling dinner party for some very good friends. So you arrange for your own special room at the top of your roof top of course. There with a crystal clear Smirnoff Martini in hand and the city at your feet you toast and it is clear right from the start it is going to be a gem of an evening.

by Smirnoff

WHILE OTHERS JUST BEGIN TO CHANGE, CHEVROLET IMPROVES YET AGAIN.

Beginning in 1977, Chevrolet accelerated the pace of change in resizing, reducing the weight and aerodynamically improving the Caprice Classic for a more fuel efficient future.

And the 1980 Caprice Classic brings even further changes. Without compromising a natural sense of elegance, the lines have changed to beautifully accommodate new horizons of less waste and more economy. By paring off additional weight, improving the aerodynamics, using space age materials and designing smaller engines that still deliver the goods, Chevrolet has created a car that moves more efficiently than the 1979 model. And as you know, a leaner more streamlined body requires less fuel. Even the tires

have been re-designed to reduce rolling resistance up to 20%. And while its aerodynamic shape provides less wind drag than its predecessors, Chevrolet has gone one step further and incorporated an air dam under the front end to ensure streamlining of air under the car.

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